

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY
PAPERS
Addison



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JOSEPH ADDISON

THE SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY PAPERS

FROM THE SPECTATOR

addition, Joseph
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EDITED

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

By

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PREFACE

It has been the purpose of the editor of this volume to furnish the student or general reader with such information in the introduction and notes as will enable him to form some general notion of the social setting of *The Sir Roger de Coverley Papers*.

To those who would gain a more intimate knowledge of that fascinating period, the Age of Queen Anne, extended reading in the more accessible books mentioned in the brief bibliography is strongly recommended. Such books as Thackeray's great work, *Henry Esmond*, and his *English Humourists*, along with Ashton's *Social Life in the Age of Queen Anne*, will help the imagination to reconstruct the period. But, above all else, the student should read widely in *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*, to which this selection of papers is simply an introduction.

The text is essentially that of Morley's edition of *The Spectator*, with capitalization, spelling, and punctuation modernized, and with a word or phrase changed here and there. The headings to the various

papers (not found in the originals, of course,) have almost become the common property of editors, and little originality in phrasing is possible. The selections included in this volume have likewise become established by the general agreement of editors, though the name of Sir Roger de Coverley occurs in several other numbers of *The Spectator*. These thirty-three papers, however, include all that really has to do with the career and personality of that worthy knight.

J. C. M.

Richmond, Va., March 1, 1910.

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION:	PAGE
I. Addison and Steele	vii
II. The Tatler and The Spectator	xvi
III. The Sir Roger de Coverley Papers.....	xxiii
BRIEF BIBLIOGRAPHY	xxvii
THE SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY PAPERS:	
I. A Description of the Spectator.....	1
II. The Members of the Club.....	7
III. Politeness and Morality.....	15
IV. A Meeting of the Club.....	20
V. Sir Roger at His Country Home	25
VI. The Coverley Household.....	30
VII. Will Wimble	35
VIII. Sir Roger's Family Portraits.....	40
IX. The Coverley Ghost.....	45
X. Sir Roger at Church	51
XI. Sir Roger in Love	55
XII. A Little Sermon on Economy	62
XIII. Health and Exercise	67
XIV. A Hunt with Sir Roger.....	72
XV. The Coverley Witch.....	79
XVI. Sir Roger Discourses on Love.....	84
XVII. Town and Country Manners.....	90
XVIII. Sir Roger at the Assizes.....	94

	PAGE
XIX. Florio and Leonilla.....	99
XX. The Spectator on Party Spirit.....	106
XXI. Whig and Tory.....	112
XXII. A Gypsy Camp.....	118
XXIII. Reasons for Returning to Town.....	123
XXIV. The Journey Back to London.....	127
XXV. Sir Roger and Sir Andrew.....	132
XXVI. Sir Roger in Town.....	138
XXVII. Sir Roger in Westminster Abbey.....	143
XXVIII. Sir Roger at the Play.....	148
XXIX. Will Honeycomb's Love Affairs.....	153
XXX. Sir Roger at Vauxhall.....	158
XXXI. The Death of Sir Roger.....	163
XXXII. Will Honeycomb's Marriage.....	168
XXXIII. The Club is Dissolved.....	172
NOTES	177

INTRODUCTION

I. ADDISON AND STEELE

The two men who wrote most of the papers contained in that famous collection of periodical essays, *The Spectator*, were Joseph Addison and Richard Steele. There were other contributors, to be sure, but they exercised no shaping hand in this journal of manners and morals. Steele originated *The Spectator*, but Addison may be said to have perfected it; and Addison's name is associated with it in the popular mind almost to the neglect of Steele's, though Steele's contribution is very large. The name of Addison, even in his own day, had greater weight than that of Steele, and so it has continued. The two men were closely associated from boyhood; their very differences of temperament drew them together; they were in a sense complementary, and we cannot well understand the one without reference to the other. Apart from his literary activity, Addison was a busy man in affairs of State, while Steele turned his hand to many things, from soldiering to pamphleteering and play-writing. The versatility of the two men was remarkable; but posterity has for the most part forgotten their political ambitions, their dramas, their pamphlets offensive and defensive, and remembers them as writers of delightful essays and

character-sketches, unambitious human documents, known collectively as *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*.

Joseph Addison, son of Rev. Launcelot Addison, was born at Milston, Wiltshire, May 1, 1672. The elder Addison was a man of literary tastes and author of several books. He later became Dean of Lichfield, where Joseph Addison studied at the grammar school before going to the famous Charter House in London. From this school he proceeded to the University of Oxford in 1687 at the age of fifteen, where he entered Queen's College. His proficiency in the classics, especially in the writing of Latin verse, won for him a scholarship in Magdalen College, whither he went in 1689. He received the degree of master of arts in 1693 and was made a Fellow in 1698, retaining his fellowship until 1711, though he left Oxford in 1699.

During those eleven or twelve years at the University, Addison read widely in the classics, translated parts of Virgil's *Georgics* and Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and composed remarkably smooth Latin verses. He wrote, besides, *An Account of the Greatest English Poets* in verse, some lines in honor of the old poet, John Dryden, and a poetical tribute to King William. This studious life of Addison at Oxford seemed to indicate that he would become a clergyman. The quiet dignity of the young Fellow of Magdalen, whose favorite walk was under the elms along the peaceful Cherwell, sorted well with that

impression. But the fates willed otherwise. Dryden introduced Addison to Congreve, the dramatist, and he in turn presented him to Charles Montague, later Lord Halifax, whom Addison had praised in his *Account of the English Poets* and in a Latin poem. Montague obtained for him a traveling pension of three hundred pounds a year in order that he might visit foreign lands, learn French, and prepare himself for diplomatic service. Accordingly, in 1699, at the age of twenty-seven, Addison left Oxford for the continent.

When after a stay of four years on the continent, mostly in France and Italy, Addison returned to England, he found a new sovereign on the throne, his pension gone, and himself without a livelihood; for the Whigs, among whom were his political friends, no longer directed the government. He turned to literature for support, and from his garret in London sent forth an account of his travels, a book which added little to his fame and still less to his purse. About this time, however, when Addison's fortunes were at their lowest ebb, his friend Montague again helped him. Godolphin, the Lord Treasurer, asked Montague to recommend a poet who could celebrate in worthy verse the recent great victory at Blenheim under the Duke of Marlborough. Montague mentioned Addison; whereupon Godolphin sent Boyle, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to see the impecunious poet at his lodgings up three

flights of stairs over a shop in the Haymarket. The outcome of this visit was *The Campaign*, Addison's first really significant poem, in which the Duke of Marlborough, victor at Blenheim, is glorified as the avenging angel upon England's foes. The poem was immensely popular.

Addison's long political career began the same year in which *The Campaign* was written, 1704, with his appointment as Commissioner of Appeals, to be followed two years later by his promotion to the office of Under-Secretary of State. Elected to Parliament in 1708, he served as a member of the House of Commons until his death. In 1709 he was sent to Ireland as Under-Secretary, but lost that office the following year through the fall of the Whig ministry. The supreme political honor of his life came to him in 1717, two years before his death, when he was made Secretary of State.

Throughout these years of active participation in State affairs, Addison's literary activity continued. To *The Tatler*, which his friend and schoolmate Richard Steele had begun in 1709, he was a regular contributor. *The Spectator*, running through 1711-'12 and revived in 1714 for a year, shows Addison at his best. The essays written for two later periodicals, *The Guardian* and *The Freeholder*, are of less literary importance because they are partisan. Addison wrote, moreover, two dramas in verse, *Rosamond*, an opera which was performed in 1706, and *Cato*, a rather

stiff and stately tragedy which was begun during his travels on the continent, though not finished until 1713. *Rosamond* was deservedly a failure, but *Cato* was highly successful in an age which esteemed coldness and correctness of form in literature above faithfulness to human nature. It is difficult, indeed, for the modern reader, while admitting the elegance and dignity of many passages in *Cato*, to understand the enthusiastic references to this drama by contemporary writers.

The remainder of Addison's life was passed in the ease which an assured position in literature, in society, and in politics brings with it. He was one of the foremost men of letters in England, the centre of a circle of admirers at Button's Coffee-house, as Dryden had been at Will's twenty years before. His marriage to the Countess Dowager of Warwick in 1716, to whom he had paid long court, may have increased his social prestige, though, if reports be correct, it did not add to his happiness. In the company of a few congenial friends at his coffee-house Addison doubtless found during these last years his greatest happiness. On June 17, 1719, Addison died at Holland House, and was buried in Westminster Abbey by the side of his "loved Montague."

Addison as a man was universally popular in an age of bitter partisanship. Though he was no speaker, he was repeatedly elected to Parliament and appointed without personal solicitation to important

offices of State. Though a Whig, he was once or twice returned to Parliament by Tory votes. His popularity is attested by Swift who wrote to Steele: "I believe if he had a mind to be chosen king, he would hardly be refused." Somewhat proud, very sensitive, reserved, and self conscious, it may appear strange that Addison was popular; but at heart he was one of the kindest, most sympathetic of men, however cold he may have seemed. His was the scholar's austerity, and his very dignity and silence inspired confidence, while his freedom from party bitterness gave him a certain judicial poise. To his purity of character were added the urbanity of good breeding, the courage of real conviction, and the sensibility of genius.

Richard Steele was born in Dublin in 1672, the birth-year of his friend and associate, Joseph Addison. Steele's father was English, his mother Irish; and in the son there was a curious blending of national traits, but the Irish were more pronounced. His parents died while he was a mere child, and an uncle took charge of him. This uncle sent him at the age of twelve to the Charter House school in London where he met Addison. In 1691 Steele went to Oxford, first to Christ Church College and later to Merton College; but he was not of a studious temperament, and after a few years at the University, pining for a life of action, he left Oxford without a degree. We next hear of him as a member of the

Horse Guards, playing soldier, for his campaigning must have been mostly local. Here he remained over ten years, during which he wrote a poem in honor of Lord Cutts, a well-known military man of the day, a devotional manual named *The Christian Hero*, and a play called *The Funeral*, satirizing the pretentious social follies of the time. Thus early his versatile genius is shown.

Under the patronage of Lord Cutts, Steele was becoming known to the wits and men of letters who gathered at Will's Coffee-house. Two other plays soon followed, *The Lying Lover* (1703) and *The Tender Husband* (1705), the beginnings of that species of drama termed 'sentimental comedy,' the purpose of which was to give a moral tone to plays as opposed to the dissolute language of the Restoration Comedy of Manners. In writing the second of these two plays Steele was assisted by Addison. Soon after this Steele married Margaret Stretch, a widow, who died in 1706, leaving him an income of eight hundred pounds a year. In 1707, he was made official Gazetteer, and distinguished by other marks of court favor. The same year he married Miss Scurlock, to whom he was ever a devoted husband throughout their married life of over twenty years. Indeed, there is not to be found in eighteenth century literature a series of more affectionate love-letters than Steele's almost daily notes to his somewhat exacting but eminently sensible and

attractive wife. By this time Steele was a well-known writer with political aspirations, who was convivial with the leading wits at the Kit-Cat Club, and whose finances were usually in a bad condition.

In 1709, partly as a money-making enterprise, Steele began the publication of the periodical through which the world came to know him at his best, *The Tatler*. Two years later he planned with Addison, who had been a contributor to *The Tatler*, a new journal of manners, letters, and morals, which was continued through 1712. For the next few years Steele began one periodical after another, but without conspicuous success, for he had now thrown himself with energy into politics and the partisan tone of his journals detracted from their social and literary interest. When George I succeeded to the throne in 1714, Steele became an aggressive champion of the House of Hanover and was promptly rewarded with an appointment to several minor offices, among which was that of Supervisor of Drury Lane Theatre. The next year he was knighted and again elected to Parliament, from which in the preceding year under the Tory ministry he had been expelled because of certain attacks on the government in one of his papers. Luckily at this critical juncture when poverty seemed dangerously near, unknown admirers had sent him three thousand pounds.

The rest of Steele's life was devoted in the main

to politics. As Supervisor of Drury Lane, he exercised a wholesome restraint upon the management of that theatre; as one of the royal commissioners he visited Scotland several times on government business; and as opponent of the South Sea Scheme, he gained wide favor when that speculative bubble burst. Unfortunately, in 1719 only a little while before Addison's death, he and Addison had a disagreement about the bill for limiting the number of Peers. The two old friends attacked each other in two rival periodicals of the day. But after Addison's death, Steele's affection for his friend showed itself in a generous tribute to his memory. The last important contribution which Steele made to literature was the comedy of *The Conscious Lovers* in 1722, the most successful of his plays. The later years of his life were spent in promoting certain schemes for the public welfare and for his own private fortune. He wished to leave something to his children (his wife had died in 1718), but disease weakened his native vigor and made weary his hopeful spirit. In Wales, at Carmarthen, whither he had gone to look after his wife's estates, Steele died in 1729, and there he was buried.

Impulsive, careless, inconsistent, warm-hearted, improvident, Steele was one of those characters who get close to the human heart. His vitality was as buoyant as his sympathies were broad; he entered with whole-hearted enjoyment into the life about

him, a man of action with an immense capacity for social intercourse. He was courageous, with an instinct for social and political reform, a chivalrous defender of woman in an age of lax morals, a loyal friend, a good father and husband. What particularly impresses the student of Steele's life is the man's ceaseless activity, his abounding energy; and with it all there goes that saving irrepressible good nature, that human quality, which makes the world love him, if it does not revere him.

II. THE TATLER AND THE SPECTATOR.

The Age of Queen Anne was above all else a social age. After the gloom of Puritanism in the middle of the seventeenth century came the gayety of the Restoration when French influence prevailed in literature as well as in London society. The Court was the center from which spread fashions in letters, in politics, in religion. It was upon the whole a superficial age, in which urbanity of manner counted for more than depth of thought or sincerity of conviction. The moral tone was low, manifesting itself in coarseness of speech and in recklessness of conduct. Gambling and drinking were prevalent vices; the laws were poorly enforced; all sorts of swindling schemes flourished; highwaymen infested the country roads, and riotous gangs of young men, often from good families, made night hideous in London by attacking pedestrians, beating some and

compelling others to dance at the sword's point, or by nailing women in barrels and rolling them down inclines. The streets were narrow, poorly paved, ill-lighted, and wretchedly dirty, often with reeking gutters along the sidewalks. Of sanitation, as we understand it to-day, there was little or none. London, as compared with that modern vast hive of human industry, was not a very big city, having hardly more than a half million people; and for that very reason its citizens could get together oftener and come to feel the bonds of human interest. It was withal a lively throng of mortals, who, feeling the delight of the passing hour, loved to meet in groups and talk and show themselves.

The most noteworthy centers of this social contact were the coffee-houses, the clubs, the theatres, and the various public parks and pleasure gardens, like Vauxhall, for instance, in and about the metropolis. Coffee-houses and clubs had very largely taken the place of the taverns of Shakespeare's day as meeting-places for men of wit. Will's was still the most famous headquarters of literary men, while for politicians, lawyers, clergymen, there were coffee-houses professionally adapted. The merchants, too, had their coffee-houses and clubs, for the great middle class, the tradesmen, were growing powerful in municipal and national life. All sorts of clubs, from the exclusive Kit-Cat Club to the lower tavern gatherings, flourished in the heart of London, where con-

genial companions ate, drank, and made merry. At the theatres, Drury Lane, Covent Garden, the Haymarket, all classes assembled to hear a new comedy by Congreve, or Cibber, or Steele. Here in the boxes the nobles sat and talked court news,

“Who loses and who wins, who’s in, who’s out”—

and fine ladies exchanged court gossip. Here you met your friends, and from here, when the curtain fell, you went back to the coffee-house for a chat or to the Mall for a promenade.

Such great social activity could of course exist only in a time of leisure attendant upon material prosperity. All this meant a large class of readers who demanded entertainment from lighter forms of literature. To supply this demand various journals came into existence, some to furnish foreign or domestic news, others court news, some to set forth dramatic criticism, others to comment upon the manners of the day. The first daily newspaper, *The Daily Courant*, began in 1702, a single sheet eight by fourteen inches; Defoe started his *Review* in 1704. Of the long list of weekly and monthly periodicals born in the first decade of the eighteenth century the greater part were short-lived; but the popularity of several of these journals proved that henceforth this form of literature was to be reckoned with by aspiring young authors. The bounds of literature

were about to be enlarged by the inclusion of the periodical essay, which is the literary offspring of a quickened social sense.

The two men of that time best qualified by temperament and by training to seize upon a popular form and raise it to the dignity of literature were Richard Steele and Joseph Addison. Steele in particular knew the town intimately and loved to mingle freely with the passing throngs of London life. He well understood their wants, he felt keenly enough his own pecuniary needs, and he had an ambition, no doubt, to enter a field whence he might exert a wider influence. Accordingly, on April 12, 1709, Steele issued the first number of *The Tatler* under the pseudonym of Isaac Bickerstaff, a name which he borrowed from Swift. The little folio, double-columned paper was published three times a week up to January 2, 1711, at one penny a copy. Of the two hundred and seventy-one numbers issued Steele wrote one hundred and eighty-eight, Addison wrote forty-two. The rest were contributed by friends or by Steele and Addison together. At first Steele had intended to make *The Tatler* strictly a newspaper, but he soon decided to enlarge the scope so as to touch on matters social, literary, and moral, with helpful purpose. To the first collected volume of papers from *The Tatler* Steele prefixed this statement: "The general purpose of this paper is to expose the false arts of life, to pull off the disguises

of cunning, vanity, and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behaviour."

The success of *The Tatler* led Steele to plan, in conjunction with his friend Addison, a new periodical of wider range. *The Spectator* began March 1, 1711, and appeared six times a week until December 6, 1712. After an intermission of about a year and a half, Addison revived *The Spectator*, issuing it three times a week, and wrote for it alone until its discontinuance, December 20, 1714. Of the six hundred and thirty-five numbers in the two series, two hundred and seventy-four were written by Addison, two hundred and thirty-six by Steele; the rest were contributed by friends of the two men, including Eustace Budgell, Hughes, Tickell, Pope, and others. To each number of this little double-columned sheet was prefixed as a motto an apt quotation from some Latin or Greek author.

The Spectator was pitched upon a higher plane than *The Tatler*, due in large measure, it may be safely said, to the serene, reflective spirit of Addison, the calm observer of men and things, somewhat detached from the throng while keenly watching it with a quiet sense of humor. The seriousness of purpose which inspired Addison in writing these delightful papers is thus set forth in No. 10 of *The Spectator*:

"Since I have raised to myself so great an audience, I shall spare no pains to make their

instruction agreeable and their diversion useful. For which reason I shall endeavour to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality. . . . And to the end that their virtue and discretion may not be short, transient, intermitting starts of thought, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day till I have recovered them out of that desperate state of vice and folly into which the age is fallen. The mind that lies fallow but a single day, sprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous culture. It was said of Socrates that he brought Philosophy down from heaven to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me that I have brought Philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses."

This ethical purpose Addison kept steadily in view. The contents of *The Spectator* were varied to suit all tastes to which the principles of common sense and common decency were likely to make an appeal. Stories, character-sketches, literary and dramatic criticism, playful social satire, penetrating comments on morality and religion, filled the pages of the little paper which was daily laid upon the breakfast tables of the citizens of London. Queen Anne herself is said to have read *The Spectator* at breakfast. In Scotland it was regarded as suitable Sunday reading, promotive of discussions on religion and morals. That *The Spectator* reached a large public, even at

the outset, may be gathered from Addison's statement in No. 10: "My publisher tells me that there are already three thousand of them distributed every day." This number rapidly increased, of course, with the growing popularity of the paper; until, towards the close of its career, as Courthope remarks in his *Life of Addison*, "It is not unreasonable to conclude that the usual daily issue of *The Spectator* to readers in all parts of the kingdom would have reached ten thousand copies."

Aside from the mere entertainment which this periodical afforded its readers, there can be no doubt that it exercised a distinctly wholesome restraint upon manners and morals. Without being offensively didactic, *The Spectator* made morality fashionable and moderated social license until the standards of common sense once more prevailed in a nation which had, for a time, departed from its traditions under the impulse of reaction from puritanical repression. But it did still more: by reflecting local manners, sketching character in a concrete and realistic way, by portraying homely scenes, and by creating vividly human personalities socially grouped, *The Spectator*, which was another name for Addison, hastened the advent of the English novel thirty years later. Not the least, in truth, among the glories of the two originators of the periodical essay, Steele and Addison, is the significant contribution which they, all unconsciously, made

through *The Tatler* and *The Spectator* to the most democratic form of literature known to man, the novel.

III. THE SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY PAPERS.

Of the thirty-three selections from *The Spectator* included in this volume under the general title of *The Sir Roger de Coverley Papers*, twenty-two are by Addison, nine by Steele, and two by Eustace Budgell (see notes to page 72). The characters who figure in these papers are members of an imaginary Club of which the Spectator is the central personage. Sir Roger, the dominant character, is the landed country gentleman and staunch Tory; Sir Andrew Freeport is a prosperous London merchant and a devoted Whig; Captain Sentry represents the army, the Templar the law, the Clergyman the church; Will Honeycomb is the society man. Little effort is made to develop the outline of each character given in the second paper of *The Spectator*, always excepting Sir Roger, of course. Sir Andrew is somewhat pale, Captain Sentry is indistinct, Will Honeycomb is fairly clear-cut, while the other two are entirely negative. Steele sketched the characters and left the enlargement of them into life-like portraits to Addison, returning time and again to the old knight through sheer love of him. Indeed, both writers seem to have become so absorbed in this one dominating figure as almost to forget about the others,

contenting themselves with the introduction now and then of a contrasted character by way of variety and consistency. It is Steele who introduced Sir Roger de Coverley (*Spectator*, No. 2); it is Steele who dwells longer upon the whims of the old baronet; and it is Steele, who tells so inimitably the story of Sir Roger and the perverse widow—that invisible but familiar personage in the club. It is Addison, however, who elaborates the character of Sir Roger de Coverley until there lives before us a typical, old-fashioned country gentleman of the eighteenth century, endeared to us by his eccentricities, his prejudices, his touch of superstition, his rusticity, which only serve to give color to his large humanity. The old knight in the midst of the congregation on Sunday; the visit to the theatre and the comments on the play; the walk through Westminster Abbey, with the recital from Baker's *Chronicle* to the impatient verger and the cool appropriation of the coronation chair; the moral reflections in Vauxhall Gardens; and that pathetic letter of the old steward telling of Sir Roger's death: all these ever memorable scenes are painted by Addison. The full-length portrait of this famous character is a clever blending of the sentimental touches of Steele and the more refined shadings, the soberer coloring of the genius of Addison. Upon the whole, however, when we have examined in detail the elements which united make this one of the most distinct and lovable char-

acters in literature, we conclude that Sir Roger de Coverley is manifestly the creation of Addison.

But back of this engaging figure is the Spectator himself. Parts of the characterization in the first paper may be applied, directly or indirectly, to Addison the man. "It is not easy to doubt," says Macaulay, "that the portrait was meant to be in some features a likeness of the painter." Shy and silent in company, but altogether charming as a talker when with several congenial spirits, Addison was a man of sensitive temperament despite his fondness for public life. A delicate humor pervades the best of his social essays, while throughout others, as, for example, the Vision of Mirza (No. 159), or the reflections on the tombs in Westminster Abbey (No. 26), there is a subdued and solemn music, a lingering cadence. He was not, like Steele, a hasty or careless writer, but refined and polished his periods. His sense for words is discriminating, and his appreciation of the telling adjustment of phrases is evident to the trained ear. He is master of an elegant style; though at times it verges upon the colloquial, it is always graceful and sustained. As the man himself was urbane, so is his style. Addison succeeded, as no one before him had done, in writing prose that was at once idiomatic and polished. It is the easy, familiar, but refined style of the well-bred man of the world, who is at the same time something of the scholar. It is not a vigorous style, not epigram-

matic. "He thinks justly," said Dr. Johnson, "but he thinks faintly." Although not a profound writer, Addison perceived the possibilities of prose as a medium of artistic expression. He had, moreover, the industry and the critical acumen to demonstrate these possibilities by treating subjects of the day with a nicety of phrase and an elevation of sentiment which have made our language and our literature his lasting debtors. It was a notable accomplishment, indeed, to reconcile wit and virtue in his own age; it is, perhaps, a still greater achievement to have given to the world a new literary form.

But, in the last analysis, the appeal of Addison is not to be found in his ethical teaching or in the mere form of his utterance, important as these are, but rather in a personality of compelling charm.

"Whoever wishes," says Johnson in an oft-quoted sentence, "to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." True as this is, it is altogether likely that Addison himself, were he to speak, would wish his books read for simple enjoyment, without a thought of style. After two hundred years, those who love *The Spectator* best think of Addison not as a classic, but as a friend. His volumes are among the great companionable books of our literature.

BRIEF BIBLIOGRAPHY

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Henry Morley's, 3 vols., 1883, or 1 vol., 1888; G. Gregory Smith's, 8 vols., 1897-1898. These are the best modern editions of *The Spectator* complete. Excellent single volumes of selections from Addison's works are: J. R. Green's, 1880; Wendell and Greenough's, 1905; Reed's, 1906.

BIOGRAPHY AND CRITICISM

ADDISON

Life of Addison, by W. J. Courthope, in the *English Men of Letters Series*, 1884, is the best brief biography. *The Life and Writings of Addison*, by T. B. Macaulay, among his essays, is a good estimate though it is over-emphatic here and there; first appeared in *Edinburgh Review*, 1843. *Addison*, in the *Lives of the Poets*, by Samuel Johnson, 1781, remains one of the most sensible, judicious estimates. *Lectures on the English Humourists, Addison*, by W. M. Thackeray.

STEELE

Life of Richard Steele, by George A. Aitken, 1899. *Richard Steele*, by Austin Dobson, in the *English Worthies Series*, 1886. These are the best recent biographies. *Lectures on the English Humourists*, by W. M. Thackeray, 1851. This estimate hardly does Steele justice.

HISTORY AND SOCIAL LIFE

A History of Eighteenth Century Literature, by Edmund Gosse. *English Literature in the Eighteenth Century*, by T.

S. Perry. *An Illustrated History of English Literature*, by Richard Garnett and Edmund Gosse, Vol. III. The illustrations and facsimiles in this work are very helpful to the student and reader.

Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne, by John Ashton, is an invaluable work on social customs, dress, amusements, travel, etc., and should be accessible to every student of Addison and Steele. *Social England*, by H. D. Traill, Vol. IV. *London in the Eighteenth Century*, by Walter Besant. *The History of England*, by T. B. Macaulay, Chapter III. This chapter is a brilliant account of social conditions in later seventeenth century and early eighteenth century England.

Henry Esmond, by W. M. Thackeray, reproduces the atmosphere of the Age of Queen Anne.

The Advertisements of the Spectator, by Lawrence Lewis, 1909, is helpful towards understanding the manners of the time.

Among the valuable political histories of the Queen Anne period are: Morris's *The Age of Anne* (*Epochs of Modern History Series*); Lecky's *A History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, Vol. I; McCarthy's *The Reign of Queen Anne*, dealing with literary and social matters also; Burton's *A History of the Reign of Queen Anne*; Green's *History of the English People*, Vol. III.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY
PAPERS

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY PAPERS

A Description of the Spectator.

No. I.

ADDISON.

*^aNon fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.*

—HOR.

I have observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he knows whether the writer of it be a ^ablack or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper and my next as prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history.

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I was born to a small hereditary estate, which, according to the tradition of the village where it lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in William the Conqueror's time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from father to son, whole

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and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family, that shortly before I came into this world my mother dreamt that
5 she gave birth to a judge. Whether this might proceed from a lawsuit which was then ^adepending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my
10 future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighbourhood put upon it. The gravity of my behaviour at my first appearance in the world seemed to favour my mother's dream; for, as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two
15 months old, and would not make use of my ^acoral till they had taken away the bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find that during my ^anonage I had the reputation of a
20 very sullen youth, but was always a favourite of my schoolmaster, who used to say that 'my parts were solid, and would wear well.' I had not been long at the University before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for during the space of eight
25 years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of an hundred words; and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this learned body, I applied myself with so much dili-
30 gence to my studies that there are very few celebrated

books, either in the learned or the modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my father, I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the University, with the character of an odd, unaccount- 5
able fellow, that had a great deal of learning, if I would but show it. An insatiable thirst after knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe in which there was anything new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised that, 10
having read the controversies of some great men concerning the antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo on purpose to take the measure of a ^apyramid; and, as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, returned to my native country with 15
great satisfaction.

✓ I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select friends that know me; of whom my next paper shall give a more 20
particular account. There is no place of general resort wherein I do not often make my appearance. Sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a ^around of politicians at ^aWill's, and listening with great atten- 25
tion to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's; and, while I seem attentive to nothing but the ^a*Post-*
man, overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James's coffee-house, and sometimes join the little committee 30

of politics in the inner room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa-tree, and in the ^atheatres both of Drury Lane and the Haymarket. I
5 have been taken for a merchant upon the ^aExchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stockjobbers at ^aJonathan's. In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in
10 my own club,

Thus I live in the world rather as a spectator of mankind than as one of the species, by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artisan, without ever meddling with
15 any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a husband, or a father, and can discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversion of others, better than those who are engaged in them; as standers-by discover ^ablots which are apt to escape
20 those who are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence, and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all the parts of
25 my life as a looker-on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.

I have given the reader just so much of my history and character as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified for the business I have undertaken. As
30 for other particulars in my life and adventures, I shall

insert them in following papers, as I shall see occasion. In the meantime, when I consider how much I have seen, read, and heard, I begin to blame my own taciturnity; and since I have neither time nor inclination to communicate the fulness of my heart in speech, I am resolved to do it in writing, and to print myself out, if possible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends that it is a pity so many useful discoveries which I have made should be in the possession of a silent man. For this reason, therefore, I shall publish a sheetful of thoughts every morning for the benefit of my contemporaries; and if I can any way contribute to the diversion or improvement of the country in which I live, I shall leave it, when I am summoned out of it, with the secret satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain. 5 10 15

There are three very material points which I have not spoken to in this paper, and which, for several important reasons, I must keep to myself, at least for some time: I mean an account of my name, my age, and my lodgings. I must confess I would gratify my reader in anything that is reasonable; but as for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishment of my paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose me in public places to several salutes and civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest pain I can 20 25 30

suffer is the being talked to and being stared at. It is for this reason, likewise, that I keep my complexion and dress as very great secrets; though it is not impossible but I may make ^adiscoveries of both in the
5 progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myself, I shall in to-morrow's paper give an account of those gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work; for, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and
10 concerted, as all other matters of importance are, in a club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me, may direct their letters To the Spectator, at ^aMr. Buckley's, in Little Britain. For I must
15 further acquaint the reader that, though our club meets only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, we have appointed a committee to sit every night for the inspection of all such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public weal.

The Members of the Club.

No. 2.

STEELE.

—^a*Ast alii sex*
Et plures uno conclamant ore.

—JUV.

The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet; his name, Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous ^acountry-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this ^ahumour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in ^aSoho Square. It is said he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my ^aLord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked ^aBully Dawson in a

public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, 5 he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. 10 He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his 15 servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up-stairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is a justice 20 of the ^aquorum; that he fills the chair at a ^aquarter session with great abilities; and three months ago gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the ^agame act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among 25 us is another bachelor, who is a member of the ^aInner Temple, a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humoursome father than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was 30 placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the

most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. ^aAristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than ^aLittleton or Coke. The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage articles, leases, and tenures, in the neighbourhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and ^aTully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool; but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable. As few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business: exactly at five he passes through ^aNew Inn, crosses through Russell Court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's, as you go into ^athe Rose. It is for the good of the audience when he is at the play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London: a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade
5 are noble and generous, and, as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man, he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts; and will tell you that it is a
10 stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue that, if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove that
15 diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valour, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favourite is, "A penny saved is a penny got." A general trader of good
20 sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that ^awit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himself; and says that England may be
25 richer than other kingdoms by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

30 Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain

Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament that, in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even, regular behaviour are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds who endeavour at the same end with himself—the favour of a commander. He will, however, in this way of talk, excuse generals for not ^adisposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it; for, says he, that great man who has a mind to help me has as many to break through to come at me as I have to come at him. Therefore he will conclude that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a ^acivil cowardice to be backward

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in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candour does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through
5 all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too
10 obsequious, from a habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of^ahumourists, unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant
15 Will Honeycomb, a gentleman who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his life; but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead or traces
20 in his brain. His person is ^awell turned and of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well; and remembers ^ahabits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to
25 him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every ^amode, and can inform you from which of the French king's favourites our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered by such a sort of
30 petticoat; and whose vanity to show her foot made

that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his ^aconversation and knowledge have been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you when the Duke of ^aMonmouth danced at court, such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance, or a blow of a fan, from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one. If you speak of a young commoner that said a lively thing in the House, he starts up, "That young fellow's mother used me more like a dog than any woman I ever made advances to." This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of as one of our company; for he visits us but seldom, but when he does it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most ^aexact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as ^apreferments in his function would

oblige him to. He is, therefore, among divines what a
^achamber-counsellor is among lawyers. The probity
of his mind, and the integrity of his life create him
followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others.

- 5 He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon;
but we are so far gone in years that he observes, when
he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on
some divine topic, which he always treats with much
authority, as one who has no interests in this world, as
10 one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes,
and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities.
These are my ordinary companions.

Politeness and Morality.

No. 6.

STEELE.

*^aCredebant hoc grande nefas, et morte piandum,
Si juvenis vetulo non assurrexerat.*

—Juv.

I know no evil under the sun so great as the abuse of the understanding, and yet there is no one vice more common. It has diffused itself through both 5 sexes and all qualities of mankind; and there is hardly that person to be found who is not more concerned for the reputation of ^awit and sense than honesty and virtue. But this unhappy affectation of being wise rather than honest, witty than good-natured, is 10 the source of most of the ill habits of life. Such false impressions are owing to the abandoned writings of men of wit, and the awkward imitation of the rest of mankind.

For this reason, Sir Roger was saying last night 15 that he was of opinion that none but men of fine parts deserved to be hanged. The reflections of such men are so delicate upon all occurrences which they are concerned in, that they should be exposed to more than ordinary infamy and punishment for offending 20 against such ^aquick admonitions as their own souls give them, and blunting the fine edge of their minds in such a manner that they are no more shocked at

vice and folly than men of slower capacities. There is no greater monster in being than a very ill man of great parts. He lives like a man in a palsy, with one side of him dead. While perhaps he enjoys the satisfaction of luxury, of wealth, of ambition, he has lost the taste of good-will, of friendship, of innocence. Scarecrow, the beggar in ^aLincoln's Inn Fields, who disabled himself in his right leg, and asks alms all day, is not half so despicable a wretch as such a man of sense. The beggar has no relish above sensations; he finds rest more agreeable than motion; and, while he has a warm fire, never reflects that he deserves to be whipped. Every man who terminates his satisfactions and enjoyments within the supply of his own necessities and passions is, says Sir Roger, in my eyes as poor a rogue as Scarecrow. "But," continued he, "for the loss of public and private virtue, we are beholden to your men of parts, forsooth; it is with them no matter what is done, so it is done with an air. But to me, who am so whimsical in a corrupt age as to act according to nature and reason, a selfish man in the most shining circumstances and ^aequipage appears in the same condition with the fellow above mentioned, but more contemptible, in proportion to what more he robs the public of, and enjoys above him. I lay it down, therefore, for a rule that the whole man is to move together; that every action of any importance is to have a prospect of public good; and that the general tendency of our indifferent actions ought to

be agreeable to the dictates of reason, of religion, of good breeding: without this, a man, as I before have hinted, is hopping instead of walking; he is not in his entire and proper motion."

While the honest knight was thus bewildering himself in good starts, I looked ^aintently upon him, which made him, I thought, collect his mind a little. "what I aim at," says he, "is to represent that I am of opinion to polish our understandings and neglect our ^amanners is of all things the most inexcusable. Reason should govern passion; but, instead of that, you see, it is often subservient to it; and, as unaccountable as one would think it, a wise man is not always a good man." This degeneracy is not only the guilt of particular persons, but also at some times of a whole people; and perhaps it may appear upon examination that the most ^apolite ages are the least virtuous. This may be attributed to the folly of admitting wit and learning as merit in themselves, without considering the application of them. By this means it becomes a rule, not so much to regard what we do, as how we do it. But this false beauty will not pass upon men of honest minds and true taste. ^aSir Richard Blackmore says, with as much good sense as virtue, "It is a mighty dishonour and shame to employ excellent faculties and abundance of wit to humour and please men in their vices and follies. The great enemy of mankind, notwithstanding his wit and angelic faculties, is the most odious being in the whole creation." He goes on soon after to say, very

generously, that he undertook the writing of his poem
“to rescue the Muses out of the hands of ravishers;
to restore them to their sweet and chaste mansions;
and to engage them in an employment suitable to
5 their dignity.” This certainly ought to be the purpose
of every man who appears in public; and whoever
does not proceed upon that foundation injures his
country as fast as he succeeds in his studies. When
modesty ceases to be the chief ornament of one sex,
10 and integrity of the other, society is upon a wrong
basis; and we shall be ever after without rules to
guide our judgment in what is really becoming and
ornamental. Nature and reason direct one thing;
passion and humour another. To follow the dictates
15 of the two latter is going into a road that is both end-
less and intricate; when we pursue the other, our
passage is delightful, and what we aim at easily at-
tainable.

I do not doubt but England is at present as polite a
20 nation as any in the world; but any man who thinks
can easily see that the affectation of being gay and in
fashion has very near eaten up our good sense and our
religion. Is there anything so just as that ^amode and
gallantry should be built upon exerting ourselves in
25 what is proper and agreeable to the institutions of
justice and piety among us? And yet is there any-
thing more ^acommon than that we run in perfect con-
tradiction to them? All which is supported by no
other pretension than that it is done with what we
30 call a good grace.

Nothing ought to be held laudable or becoming but what nature itself should prompt us to think so. Respect to all kinds of superiors is founded, methinks, upon instinct; and yet what is so ^aridiculous as age? I make this abrupt transition to the mention of this 5 vice more than any other, in order to introduce a little story, which I think a pretty instance that the most polite age is in danger of being the most vicious.

“It happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play exhibited in honour of the common- 10 wealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen, who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat. The 15 good man bustled through the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the jest was to sit close and expose him, as he stood out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But 20 on those occasions there were also particular places assigned for foreigners. When the good man skulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedæmonians, that honest people, more virtuous than ^apolite, rose up all to a man, and with the greatest respect received 25 him among them. The Athenians, being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause; and the old man cried out, ‘The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedæmonians practise it.’” 30

A Meeting of the Club.

No. 34.

ADDISON.

—^a*parcit*

Cognatis maculis similis fera—.

—JUV.

The club of which I am a member is very luckily composed of such persons as are engaged in different
5 ways of life, and ^adeputed as it were out of the most conspicuous classes of mankind. By this means I am furnished with the greatest variety of hints and materials, and know everything that passes in the different quarters and divisions, not only of this great city, but
10 of the whole kingdom. My readers, too, have the satisfaction to find that there is no rank or degree among them who have not their representative in this club, and that there is always somebody present who will take care of their respective interests, that nothing
15 may be written or published to the ^aprejudice or infringement of their just rights and privileges.

I last night sat very late in company with this select body of friends, who entertained me with several remarks which they and others had made upon
20 these my speculations, as also with the various success which they had met with among their several ranks and degrees of readers. Will Honeycomb told me, in the softest manner he could, that there were some ladies (“but for your comfort,” says Will, “they are
25 not those of the most wit”) that were offended at the

liberties I had taken with the ^aopera and the puppet show; that some of them were likewise very much surprised that I should think such serious points as the dress and equipage of persons of quality proper subjects for raillery.

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He was going on, when Sir Andrew Freeport took him up short, and told him that the papers he hinted at had done great good in the city, and that all their wives and daughters were the better for them; and further added that the whole city thought themselves 10 very much obliged to me for declaring my generous intentions to scourge vice and folly as they appear in a multitude, without condescending to be a publisher of particular intrigues. "In short," says Sir Andrew, "if you avoid that foolish beaten road of falling upon 15 aldermen and citizens, and employ your pen upon the vanity and luxury of courts, your paper must needs be of general use."

Upon this my friend the ^aTemplar told Sir Andrew that he wondered to hear a man of his sense talk after 20 that manner; that the city had always been the province for satire; and that the wits of ^aKing Charles's time jested upon nothing else during his whole reign. He then showed, by the examples of ^aHorace, Juvenal, Boileau, and the best writers of every age, that the 25 follies of the stage and court had never been accounted too sacred for ridicule, how great soever the persons might be that patronised them. "But after all," says he, "I think your raillery has made too great an excursion in attacking several persons of the ^aInns of 30

Court; and I do not believe you can show me any precedent for your behaviour in that particular."

My good friend Sir Roger de Coverley, who had said nothing all this while, began his speech with a
5 "Pish!" and told us that he wondered to see so many men of sense so very serious upon fooleries. "Let our good friend," says he, "attack every one that deserves it; I would only advise you, Mr. Spectator," applying himself to me, "to take care how you meddle with
10 country squires. They are the ornaments of the English nation; men of good heads and sound bodies! and, let me tell you, some of them take it ill of you that you mention fox-hunters with so little respect."

Captain Sentry spoke very sparingly on this occasion.
15 What he said was only to commend my prudence in not touching upon the army, and advised me to continue to act discreetly in that point.

By this time I found every subject of my speculations was taken away from me by one or other of the
20 club; and began to think myself in the condition of the good man that had one wife who took a dislike to his grey hairs, and another to his black, till by their picking out what each of them had an aversion to, they left his head altogether bald and naked.

While I was thus musing with myself, my worthy
25 friend the clergyman, who, very luckily for me, was at the club that night, undertook my cause. He told us that he wondered any ^aorder of persons should think themselves too considerable to be advised; that
30 it was not ^aquality, but innocence, which exempted

men from reproof; that vice and folly ought to be attacked wherever they could be met with, and especially when they were placed in high and conspicuous stations of life. He further added that my paper would only serve to aggravate the pains of poverty, if it chiefly exposed those who are already ^adepressed, and in some measure turned into ridicule by the meanness of their conditions and circumstances. He afterwards proceeded to take notice of the great use this paper might be of to the public by reprehending those vices which are too trivial for the chastisement of the law, and too ^afantastical for the cognisance of the pulpit. He then advised me to prosecute my undertaking with cheerfulness, and assured me that, whoever might be displeased with me, I should be approved by all those whose praises do honour to the persons on whom they are bestowed.

The whole club pays a particular deference to the discourse of this gentleman, and are drawn into what he says as much by the candid, ingenuous manner with which he delivers himself as by the strength of argument and force of reason which he makes use of. Will Honeycomb immediately agreed that what he had said was right; and that, for his part, he would not insist upon the quarter which he had demanded for the ladies. Sir Andrew gave up the city with the same frankness. The Templar would not stand out, and was followed by Sir Roger and the captain; who all agreed that I should be at liberty to carry the war into what quarter I pleased, provided I continued to

combat with criminals in a body, and to assault the vice without hurting the person.

This debate, which was held for the good of mankind, put me in mind of that which the ^aRoman triumvirate were formerly engaged in, for their destruction. Every man at first stood hard for his friend, till they found that by this means they should spoil their proscription; and at length, making a sacrifice of all their acquaintance and relations, furnished out a very decent execution.

Having thus taken my resolution to march on boldly in the cause of virtue and good sense, and to annoy their adversaries in whatever degree or rank of men they may be found, I shall be deaf for the future to all the remonstrances that shall be made to me on this account. If ^aPunch grow extravagant, I shall reprimand him very freely; if the stage becomes a nursery of folly and impertinence, I shall not be afraid to animadvert upon it. In short, if I meet with anything in city, court, or country, that shocks modesty or good manners, I shall use my utmost endeavours to make an example of it. I must, however, intreat every particular person who does me the honour to be a reader of this paper, never to think himself, or any one of his friends or enemies, aimed at in what is said: for I promise him never to draw a faulty character which does not fit at least a thousand people; or to publish a single paper that is not written in the spirit of benevolence, and with a love to mankind.

Sir Roger at His Country Home.

No. 106.

ADDISON.

—^a*Hinc tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum, benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.*

—HOR.

Having often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my ^ahumour, lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shows me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields I have observed them stealing a sight of me over an hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in ^aSir Roger's family, because it consists of sober and staid persons; for as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him; by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his valet de chambre for his

brother, his butler is grey-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy-counsellor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house-dog, and
5 in a grey ^apad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure the joy that appeared in the countenances of these
10 ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At
15 the same time the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good nature engages everybody to him, so that when he ^ais
20 pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humour, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with. On the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of
25 all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very ^aprudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard
30 their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a ^achaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation. He heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependent.

I have observed in several of my papers that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of an ^ahumourist; and that his virtues, as well as imperfections, are, as it were, tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly his, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colours. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned; and without staying for my answer told me that he was afraid of being ^ainsulted with Latin and Greek at his own table; for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the University to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon. "My friend," says Sir Roger,

“found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it. I have given him the parsonage of the parish; and, because I know
5 his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years; and, though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all
10 that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants, his parishioners. There has not been a law-suit in the parish since he has lived among them. If any dispute arises, they apply them-
15 selves to him for the decision; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only
20 begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly he has digested them into such a series that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity.”

25 As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and, upon the knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night) told us the ^aBishop of St. Asaph in the morning and Dr. South in the afternoon. He
30 then showed us his list of preachers for the whole

year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure ^aArch-
 bishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Doctor Barrow,
 Doctor Calamy, with several living authors who have
 published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner
 saw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much 5
 approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifica-
 tions of a good aspect and a clear voice; for I was so
 charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and de-
 livery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced,
 that I think I never passed any time more to my sat- 10
 isfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner is
 like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a
 graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country
 clergy would follow this example; and, instead of 15
 wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their
 own, would endeavour after a handsome elocution,
 and all those other talents that are proper to enforce
 what has been penned by greater masters. This would
 not only be more easy to themselves, but more edify- 20
 ing to the people.

The Coverley Household.

No. 107.

STEELE.

*^aÆsopo ingentem statuam posuêre Attici,
Servumque collocâ æternâ in basi,
Patere honoris scirent ut cuncti viam.*

—PHÆDR.

The reception, manner of attendance, undisturbed
5 freedom, and quiet, which I meet with here in the
country has confirmed me in the opinion I always
had, that the general corruption of manners in serv-
ants is owing to the conduct of masters. The aspect
of every one in the family carries so much satisfaction
10 that it appears he knows the happy lot which has be-
fallen him in being a member of it. There is one par-
ticular which I have seldom seen but at Sir Roger's.
It is usual in all other places that servants fly from the
parts of the house through which their master is pass-
15 ing; on the contrary, here they industriously place
themselves in his way; and it is on both sides, as it
were, understood as a visit when the servants appear
without calling. This proceeds from the humane and
equal temper of the man of the house, who also per-
20 fectly well knows how to enjoy a great estate with
such economy as ever to be much ^abeforehand. This
makes his own mind untroubled, and consequently
unapt to vent peevish expressions, or give passionate
or inconsistent orders to those about him. Thus re-
25 spect and love go together; and a certain cheerfulness

in performance of their duty is the particular distinction of the lower part of this family. When a servant is called before his master, he does not come with an expectation to hear himself rated for some trivial fault, threatened to be ^astripped, or used with any other un- 5
becoming language, which mean masters often give to worthy servants; but it is often to know what road he took that he came so readily back according to order; whether he passed by such a ground; if the old man who rents it is in good health; or whether he gave Sir 10
Roger's love to him; or the like.

A man who preserves a respect founded on his benevolence to his dependents lives rather like a prince than a master in his family; his orders are received as favours rather than duties; and the distinction of ap- 15
proaching him is part of the reward for executing what is commanded by him.

There is another circumstance in which my friend excels in his management, which is the manner of rewarding his servants. He has ever been of opinion 20
that giving his cast clothes to be worn by valets has a very ill effect upon little minds, and creates a silly sense of equality between the parties, in persons affected only with outward things. I have heard him often ^apleasant on this occasion, and describe a young 25
gentleman abusing his man in that coat which a month or two before was the most pleasing distinction he was conscious of in himself. He would turn his discourse still more pleasantly upon the ladies' bounties in this kind; and I have heard him say he knew a fine 30

woman who distributed rewards and punishments in giving becoming or unbecoming dresses to her maids.

But my good friend is above these little instances of good-will in bestowing only trifles on his servants; a
5 good servant to him is sure of having it in his choice very soon of being no servant at all. As I before observed, he is so good an ^ahusband, and knows so thoroughly that the skill of the purse is the cardinal virtue of this life; I say he knows so well that fru-
10 gality is the support of generosity that he can often spare a large fine ^awhen a tenement falls, and give that settlement to a good servant who has a mind to go into the world, or make a stranger pay the fine to that servant, for his more comfortable maintenance, if
15 he stays in his service.

A man of honour and generosity considers it would be miserable to himself to have no will but that of another, though it were of the best person breathing, and for that reason goes on as fast as he is able to put
20 his servants into independent livelihoods. The greatest part of Sir Roger's estate is tenanted by persons who have served himself or his ancestors. It was to me extremely pleasant to observe the ^avisitants from several parts to welcome his arrival into the country;
25 and all the difference that I could take notice of between the late servants who came to see him, and those who stayed in the family, was, that these latter were looked upon as finer gentlemen and better courtiers.

This manumission and placing them in a way of
30 livelihood, I look upon as only what is due to a good

servant ; which encouragement will make his successor be as diligent, as humble, and as ready, as he was. There is something wonderful in the narrowness of those minds which can be pleased and be barren of bounty to those who please them.

5

One might, on this occasion, recount the sense that great persons in all ages have had of the merit of their dependents, and the heroic services which men have done their masters in the extremity of their fortunes, and shown to their ^aundone patrons that fortune was all the difference between them ; but as I design this my speculation only as a gentle admonition to thankless masters, I shall not go out of the occurrences of common life, but assert it as a general observation that I never saw, but in Sir Roger's family and one or two more, good servants treated as they ought to be. Sir Roger's kindness extends to their children's children, and this very morning he sent his coachman's grandson to ^aprentice. I shall conclude this paper with an account of a picture in his gallery, where there are many which will deserve my future observation.

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At the very upper end of this handsome structure I saw the portraiture of two young men standing in a river : the one naked, the other in a livery. The person supported seemed half dead, but still so much alive as to show in his face exquisite joy and love towards the other. I thought the fainting figure resembled my friend Sir Roger ; and looking at the butler, who stood by me, for an account of it, he informed me that the person in the livery was a servant of Sir Roger's, who

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stood on the shore while his master was swimming, and observing him taken with some sudden illness, and sink under water, jumped in and saved him. He told me Sir Roger ^atook off the dress he was in as soon
5 as he came home, and by a great bounty at that time, followed by his favour ever since, had made him master of that pretty seat which we saw at a distance as we came to this house. I remembered, indeed, Sir Roger said there lived a very worthy gentleman, to
10 whom he was highly obliged, without mentioning anything further. Upon my looking a little dissatisfied at some part of the picture, my attendant informed me that it was against Sir Roger's will, and at the earnest request of the gentleman himself, that he was
15 drawn in the habit in which he had saved his master.

Will Wimble.

No. 108.

ADDISON.

“Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens.

—PHÆDR.

As I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his house, a country fellow brought him a huge fish, which, he told him, ^aMr. William Wimble had caught that very morning; and that he presented it with his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a letter, which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him. 5

“SIR ROGER,

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“I desire you to accept of a ^ajack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with a you a week, and see how the perch bite in the Black River. I observe with some concern the last time I saw you upon the bowling-green that your whip wanted a lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at ^aEton with Sir John’s eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely. I am, 15 20

Sir, Your humble servant,

WILL WIMBLE.”

This extraordinary letter, and message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the character and quality of the gentleman who sent them; which I found to be as follows. Will Wimble is ^ayounger
5 brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty; but being bred to no business and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs
10 better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man. He makes a ^aMay-fly to a miracle, and furnishes the whole country with angle-rods. As he is a good-natured,
15 ^aofficious fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good ^acorrespondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a ^atulip-root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a
20 puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the county. Will is a particular favourite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved, or a setting-dog that he has 'made' himself. He now and then
25 presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters, and raises a great deal of mirth among them by inquiring as often as he meets them 'how they wear.' These gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humours make Will the dar-
30 ling of the country.

Sir Roger was proceeding in the ^acharacter of him when he saw him make up to us with two or three hazel twigs in his hand that he had cut in Sir Roger's woods, as he came through them in his way to the house. I was very much pleased to observe on one side the hearty and sincere welcome with which Sir Roger received him, and on the other, the secret joy which his guest ^adiscovered at sight of the good old knight. After the first salutes were over, Will desired Sir Roger to lend him one of his servants to carry a set of shuttlecocks he had with him in a little box to a lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it seems he had promised such a present for above this half year. Sir Roger's back was no sooner turned but honest Will began to tell me of a large cock pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighbouring woods, with two or three other adventures of the same nature. Odd and uncommon characters are the game that I look for, and most delight in; for which reason I was as much pleased with the novelty of the person that talked to me as he could be for his life with the springing of a pheasant, and therefore listened to him with more than ordinary attention.

In the midst of his discourse the bell rung to dinner, where the gentleman I have been speaking of had the pleasure of seeing the huge jack he had caught served up for the first dish in a most sumptuous manner. Upon our sitting down to it, he gave us a long account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank, with several

other particulars that lasted all the first course. A dish of wildfowl that came afterwards furnished conversation for the rest of the dinner, which concluded with a late invention of Will's for improving the
5 aquail-pipe.

Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner, I was secretly touched with compassion towards the honest gentleman that had dined with us; and could not but consider, with a great deal of concern, how so
10 good a heart and such busy hands were wholly employed in trifles; that so much humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind and application to affairs might have recom-
15 mended him to the public esteem, and have raised his fortune in another station of life. What good to his country or himself might not a trader or a merchant have done with such useful though ordinary qualifications?

20 Will Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family, who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humour fills several parts of Europe with pride and
25 beggary. It is the happiness of a trading nation like ours that the younger sons, though incapable of any liberal art or profession, may be placed in such a way of life as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their family. Accordingly we find several citizens
30 that were launched into the world with narrow for-

tunes rising by an honest industry to greater estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will was formerly tried at divinity, law, or physic; and that, finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents gave him up at length to his own inventions. But certainly, however ^aimproper he might have been for studies of a higher nature, he was perfectly well ^aturned for the occupations of trade and commerce. As I think this is a point which cannot be too much inculcated, I shall desire my reader to compare what I have here written with what I have said in my ^atwenty-first speculation. 5 10

Sir Roger's Family Portraits.

No. 109.

STEELE.

—^a*Abnormis sapiens.*

—HOR.

I was this morning walking in the gallery, when Sir Roger entered at the end opposite to me, and, advancing towards me, said he was glad to meet me
5 among his relations the De Coverleys, and hoped I liked the conversation of so much good company, who were as silent as myself. I knew he alluded to the pictures, and, as he is a gentleman who does not a little value himself upon his ancient descent, I ex-
10 pected he would give me some account of them. We were now arrived at the upper end of the gallery, when the knight faced towards one of the pictures, and as we stood before it, he entered into the matter after his blunt way of saying things as they occur to his
15 imagination, without regular introduction or care to preserve the appearance of chain of thought.

“It is,” said he, “worth while to consider the force of dress, and how the persons of one age differ from those of another, merely by that only. One may ob-
20 serve also that the general fashion of one age has been followed by one particular set of people in another, and by them preserved from one generation to another. Thus the vast ^ajetting coat and small bonnet, which was the ^ahabit in Harry the Seventh’s time, is
25 kept on in the ^ayeomen of the guard; not without a

good and politic view, because they look a foot taller, and a foot and a half broader; besides that the cap leaves the face expanded, and consequently more terrible and fitter to stand at the entrance of palaces.

“This predecessor of ours, you see, is dressed after 5
this manner, and his cheeks would be no larger than mine, were he in a hat as I am. He was the last man that won a prize in the ^aTilt-yard, which is now a common street before Whitehall. You see the broken lance that lies there by his right foot. He shivered 10
that lance of his adversary all to pieces; and bearing himself, look you, sir, in this manner, at the same time he ^acame within the target of the gentleman who rode against him, and taking him with incredible force before him on the pommel of his saddle, he in that 15
manner rid the tournament over with an air that showed he did it rather to perform the rule of the lists than expose his enemy; however, it appeared he knew how to make use of a victory, and with a gentle trot he marched up to a gallery where their mistress sat 20
(for they were rivals), and let him down with laudable courtesy and pardonable insolence. I don't know, but it might be exactly where the ^acoffee-house is now.

“You are to know this my ancestor was not only of a military genius, but fit also for the arts of peace, for 25
he played on the bass-viol as well as any gentleman at court; you see where his viol hangs by his basket-hilt sword. The action at the Tilt-yard you may be sure won the fair lady, who was a maid of honour and the greatest beauty of her time; here she stands, the next 30

picture. You see, sir, my great-great-great-grand-mother has on the ^anew-fashioned petticoat, except that the modern is gathered at the waist; my grandmother appears as if she stood in a large drum, 5 whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a go-cart. For all this lady was bred at court, she became an excellent country wife; she brought ten children; and when I show you the library, you shall see in her own hand, allowing for the difference 10 of the language, the best receipt now in England both for a hasty-pudding and a ^awhite-pot.

“If you please to fall back a little, because ’tis necessary to look at the three next pictures at one view; these are three sisters. She on the right hand, 15 who is so very beautiful, died a maid; the next to her, still handsomer, had the same fate, against her will; this homely thing in the middle had both their portions added to her own, and was stolen by a neighbouring gentleman, a man of stratagem and resolution, for he poisoned three mastiffs to come at her, 20 and knocked down two deer-stealers in carrying her off. Misfortunes happen in all families. The theft of this romp and so much money was no great matter to our estate. But the next heir that possessed it was 25 this soft gentleman, whom you see there. Observe the small buttons, the little boots, the laces, the ^aslashes about his clothes, and above all the posture he is drawn in, which to be sure was his own choosing; you see he sits with one hand on a desk writing and 30 looking as it were another way, like an easy writer or a ^asonneteer. He was one of those that had too much

wit to know how to live in the world; he was a man of no justice, but great good manners. He ruined everybody that had anything to do with him, but never said a rude thing in his life; the most indolent person in the world, he would sign a deed that passed away half his estate with his gloves on, but would not put on his hat before a lady if it were to save his country. He is said to be the first that made love by squeezing the hand. He left the estate with ten thousand pounds debt upon it; but, however, by all hands I have been informed that he was every way the finest gentleman in the world. That debt lay heavy on our house for one generation, but it was retrieved by a gift from that honest man you see there, a ^acitizen of our name, but nothing at all akin to us. I know Sir Andrew Freeport has said behind my back that this man was descended from one of the ten children of the maid of honour I showed you above; but it was never made out. We winked at the thing indeed, because money was wanting at that time."

Here I saw my friend a little embarrassed, and turned my face to the next portraiture.

Sir Roger went on with his account of the gallery in the following manner. "This man," pointing to him I looked at, "I take to be the honour of our house: Sir Humphrey de Coverley. He was in his dealings as punctual as a tradesman and as generous as a ^agentleman. He would have thought himself as much undone by breaking his word as if it were to be followed by bankruptcy. He served his country as

“knight of this shire to his dying day. He found it no easy matter to maintain an integrity in his words and actions, even in things that regarded the offices which were incumbent upon him, in the care of his own affairs and relations of life, and therefore dreaded, though he had great talents, to go into employments of state, where he must be exposed to the snares of ambition. Innocence of life and great ability were the distinguishing parts of his character; the latter, he had often observed, had led to the destruction of the former, and he used frequently to lament that great and good had not the same signification. He was an excellent husbandman, but had resolved not to exceed such a degree of wealth; all above it be bestowed in secret bounties many years after the sum he aimed at for his own use was attained. Yet he did not slacken his industry, but to a decent old age spent the life and fortune which was superfluous to himself in the service of his friends and neighbours.”

Here we were called to dinner, and Sir Roger ended the discourse of this gentleman by telling me, as we followed the servant, that this his ancestor was a brave man, and narrowly escaped being killed in the civil war. “For,” said he, “he was sent out of the field upon a private message the day before the battle of Worcester.” The whim of narrowly escaping by having been within a day of danger, with other matters above mentioned, mixed with good sense, left me at a loss whether I was more delighted with my friend’s wisdom or simplicity.

The Coverley Ghost.

No. 110.

ADDISON.

Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.

—VIRG.

At a little distance from Sir Roger's house, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms, which are shot up so very high that when one passes under them the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them seem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this sort of noise, which I consider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who supplies the wants of His whole creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the Psalms, feedeth the young ravens that call upon Him. I like this retirement the better, because of an ill report it lies under of being haunted; for which reason, as I have been told in the family, no living creature ever walks in it besides the chaplain. My good friend the butler desired me with a very grave face not to venture myself in it after sunset, for that one of the footmen had been almost frightened out of his wits by a spirit that appeared to him in the shape of a black horse without an head; to which he added that about a month ago one of the maids, coming home late that way with a pail of milk upon her head, heard such a rustling among the bushes that she let it fall.

I was taking a walk in this place last night between

- the hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper scenes in the world for a ghost to appear in. The ruins of the abbey are scattered up and down on every side, and half covered
5 with ivy and elder bushes, the harbours of several solitary birds which seldom make their appearance till the dusk of the evening. The place was formerly a churchyard, and has still several marks in it of graves and burying places. There is such an echo among the
10 old ruins and vaults that, if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the sound repeated. At the same time, the walk of elms, with the croaking of the ravens, which from time to time is heard from the tops of them, looks exceeding solemn and venerable.
- 15 These objects naturally raise seriousness and attention; and when night heightens the awfulness of the place, and pours out her supernumerary horrors upon everything in it, I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill it with spectres and apparitions.
- 20 Mr. Locke, in his chapter of the ^aAssociation of Ideas, has very curious remarks to show how, by the prejudice of education, one idea often introduces into the mind a whole set that bear no resemblance to one another in the nature of things. Among several ex-
25 amples of this kind, he produces the following instance: "The ideas of goblins and sprites have really no more to do with darkness than light; yet let but a foolish maid inculcate these often on the mind of a child, and raise them there together, possibly he shall
30 never be able to separate them again so long as he

lives; but darkness shall ever afterwards bring with it those frightful ideas, and they shall be so joined that he can no more bear the one than the other."

As I was walking in this solitude, where the dusk of the evening conspired with so many other occasions of terror, I observed a cow grazing not far from me, which an imagination that is apt to startle might easily have construed into a black horse without a head; and I dare say the poor footman lost his wits upon some such trivial occasion. 5 10

My friend Sir Roger has often told me, with a great deal of mirth, that at his first coming to his estate he found three parts of his house altogether useless; that the best room in it had the reputation of being haunted, and ^aby that means was locked up; that 15 noises had been heard in his long gallery, so that he could not get a servant to enter it after eight o'clock at night; that the door of one of his chambers was nailed up, because there went a story in the family that a butler had formerly hanged himself in it; and 20 that his mother, who lived to a great age, had shut up half the rooms in the house, in which either her husband, a son, or daughter, had died. The knight, seeing his habitation reduced to so small a compass, and himself in a manner shut out of his own house, upon 25 the death of his mother ordered all the apartments to be flung open and 'exorcised' by his chaplain, who lay in every room one after another, and by that means dissipated the fears which had so long reigned in the family, 30

I should not have been thus particular upon these ridiculous horrors, did not I find them so very much prevail in all parts of the country. At the same time I think a person who is thus terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable than one, who, contrary to the reports of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. Could not I give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact. I might here add that not only the historians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity, have favoured this opinion. Lucretius himself, though by the course of his philosophy he was obliged to maintain that the soul did not exist separate from the body, makes no doubt of the reality of apparitions, and that men have often appeared after their death. This I think very remarkable: he was so pressed with the matter of fact, which he could not have the confidence to deny, that he was forced to account for it by one of the most absurd unphilosophical notions that was ever started. ^aHe tells us that the surfaces of all bodies are perpetually flying off from their respective bodies, one after another; and that these surfaces or thin cases that included each other whilst they were joined in the body like the coats of an onion are sometimes seen entire when they are separated from it; by which means we

often behold the shapes and shadows of persons who are either dead or absent.

I shall dismiss this paper with a story out of ^aJosephus, not so much for the sake of the story itself as for the moral reflections with which the author concludes it, and which I shall here set down in his own words. "Glaphyra, the daughter of King Archelaus, after the death of her two first husbands, being married to a third, who was brother to her first husband, and so passionately in love with her that he turned off his former wife to make room for this marriage, had a very odd kind of dream. She fancied that she saw her first husband coming towards her, and that she embraced him with great tenderness; when in the midst of the pleasure which she expressed at the sight of him, he reproached her after the following manner: 'Glaphyra,' says he, 'thou hast made good the old saying, that women are not to be trusted. Was not I thy husband? How couldst thou forget our loves so far as to enter into a second marriage, and after that into a third, nay to take for thy husband my brother? However, for the sake of our past loves, I shall free thee from thy present reproach and make thee mine forever.' Glaphyra told this dream to several women of her acquaintance, and died soon after. I thought this story might not be ^aimpertinent in this place, wherein I speak of those kings. Besides that, the example deserves to be taken notice of as it contains a most certain proof of the immortality of the soul, and of Divine Providence. If any man thinks these facts

incredible, let him enjoy his opinion to himself, but let him not endeavour to disturb the belief of others, who by instances of this nature are excited to the study of virtue."

Sir Roger at Church.

No. 112.

ADDISON.

^a Ἀθανάτους μὲν πρῶτα θεοὺς, νόμῳ ὡς διάκειται, Τιμὰ—
—PYTH.

I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilising of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it ^aputs both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard as a citizen does upon the ^aChange, the whole parish-politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend, Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of

his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit cloth, and railed in the communion-table at his own expense. He has often told me that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very
5 irregular; and that, in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a Common Prayer book; and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes
10 rightly in the tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer
15 nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself or sends his servant to them.
20 Several other of the old knight's ^aparticularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing Psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter
25 of his devotion, he pronounces amen three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my
30 old friend in the midst of the service calling out to

one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behaviour; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character makes his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities. 5 10

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father, do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent. 15 20

The chaplain has often told me that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the Church service, has promised upon the death of the 25 30

present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire; and the squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists and ^atithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them almost in every sermon that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year, and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people, who are so used to be dazzled with riches that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate as of a man of learning; and are ^avery hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.



RICHARD STEELE

Sir Roger in Love.

No. 113.

STEELE.

—*Herent infixi pectore vultus.*

—VIRG.

In my first description of the company in which I pass most of my time, it may be remembered that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth; which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened this evening that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house. As soon as we came into it, "It is," quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, "very hard that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees, but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. You are to know this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that custom I can never come into it, but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love to attempt the removing of their passion by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

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Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse, which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long pause, he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before, and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his before it received that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows:

“I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighbourhood, for the sake of my fame; and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year, I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county; and in my servants, officers, and whole equipage, indulged the pleasure of a young man, who did not think ill of his own person, in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behaviour to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rid well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the ^aassizes were held. But when I came there, a beautiful creature in a widow’s habit sat in

court to hear the ^aevent of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature, who was born for destruction of all who behold her, put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, till she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a ^amurrain to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it but I bowed like a great surprised booby; and, knowing her cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a captivated calf as I was, 'Make way for the defendant's witnesses.' This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial, she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I, but the whole court, was prejudiced in her favour; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge was thought so groundless and frivolous that, when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage. You must understand, sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge

themselves in no further consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train of admirers, and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship. She is always accompanied by a confidante, who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex, and consequently a bar to her first steps towards love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.

10 “However, I must needs say, this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most human of all the brutes in the country. I was told she said so by one who thought
15 he rallied me; but upon the strength of this slender encouragement of being thought least detestable, I made new liveries, new-paired my coach-horses, sent them all to town to be bitted, and taught to throw their legs well, and move all together, before I pre-
20 tended to cross the country and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my retinue suitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. The particular skill of this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes, and yet command
25 respect. To make her mistress of this art, she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good sense than is usual even among men of merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you won’t let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes and the
30 skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real

charms, and strike you with admiration instead of desire. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole woman, there is that dignity in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form makes you hope, her merit 5 makes you fear. But then again she is such a desperate scholar that no country gentleman can approach her without being a jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her house, I was admitted to her presence with great civility; at the same time she 10 placed herself to be first seen by me in such an attitude as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she ^adiscovered new charms, and I at last came towards her with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her ad- 15 vantage of it, and began a discourse to me concerning love and honour, as they both are followed by pretenders, and the real votaries to them. When she had discussed these points in a discourse, which I verily believe was as learned as the best philosopher in 20 Europe could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars. Her confidante sat by her, and, upon my being in the last confusion and silence, this malicious aid of hers, turning to her, says, 25 'I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak.' They both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before such 30

profound casuists, I rose up and took my leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and she as often has directed a discourse to me which I do not understand. This barbarity has
5 kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all mankind; and you must make love to her, as you would conquer the Sphinx, by ^aposing her. But were she like other women, ^aand that there were any
10 talking to her, how constant must the pleasure of that man be who could converse with a creature—but, after all, you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed—but who can believe half that is said? After she had
15 done speaking to me, she put her hand to her bosom and adjusted her ^atucker. Then she cast her eyes a little down upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently: her voice in her ordinary speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet.
20 You must know I dined with her at a public table the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some ^atansy in the eye of all the gentlemen in the country. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. I can assure you, sir, were you to behold her,
25 you would be in the same condition; for as her speech is music, her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but indeed it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection. Oh, the excellent creature! she is as inimitable
30 to all women as she is inaccessible to all men."

I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the house, that we might be joined by some other company; and am convinced that the widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse; 5 though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to ^athat of Martial, which one knows not how to render into English, *dum tacet, hanc loquitur*. I shall end this paper with that whole epigram, which represents with 10 much humour my honest friend's condition:

*^aQuidquid agit Rufus, nihil est nisi Nævia Rufo,
Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur;
Cænat, propinat, poscit, negat, annuit, una est
Nævia; si non sit Nævia, mutus erit. 15
Scriberet hesternâ patri cum luce salutem,
Nævia lux, inquit, Nævia! lumen, ave.*

Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,
Still he can nothing but of Nævia talk.
Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute, 20
Still he must speak of Nævia, or be mute.
He writ to his father, ending with this line,
I am, my lovely Nævia, ever thine.

A Little Sermon on Economy.

No. 114.

STEELE.

^aPaupertatis pudor et fuga.

—HOR.

Economy in our affairs has the same effect upon our fortunes which good breeding has upon our conversations. There is a pretending behaviour in both
5 cases, which, instead of making men esteemed, renders them both miserable and contemptible. We had yesterday at Sir Roger's a set of country gentlemen who dined with him; and after dinner the glass was taken, by those who pleased, pretty plentifully.
10 Among others I observed a person of a tolerable good aspect, who seemed to be more greedy of liquor than any of the company, and yet, methought, he did not taste it with delight. As he grew warm, he was suspicious of everything that was said; and as he ad-
15 vanced towards being fuddled, his humour grew worse. At the same time his bitterness seemed to be rather an inward dissatisfaction in his own mind than any dislike he had taken at the company. Upon hearing his name, I knew him to be a gentleman of a consid-
20 erable fortune in this county, but greatly in debt. What gives the unhappy man this peevishness of spirit is that his estate is ^adipped, and is ^aeating out with usury; and yet he has not the heart to sell any part of it. His proud ^astomach, at the cost of restless

nights, constant inquietudes, danger of affronts, and a thousand nameless inconveniences, preserves this canker in his fortune, rather than it shall be said he is a man of fewer hundreds a year than he has been commonly reputed. Thus he endures the torment of poverty to avoid the name of being less rich. If you go to his house you see great plenty, but served in a manner that shows it is all unnatural, and that the master's mind is not at home. There is a certain waste and carelessness in the air of everything, and the whole appears but a covered indigence, a magnificent poverty. That neatness and cheerfulness which attends the table of him who lives within compass is wanting, and exchanged for a libertine way of service in all about him.

This gentleman's conduct, though a very common way of management, is as ridiculous as that officer's would be who had but few men under his command, and should take the charge of an extent of country rather than of a small pass. To pay for, ^apersonate, and keep in a man's hands a greater estate than he really has, is of all others the most unpardonable vanity, and must in the end reduce the man who is guilty of it to dishonour. Yet if we look around us in any county of Great Britain, we shall see many in this fatal error; if that may be called by so soft a name which proceeds from a false shame of appearing what they really are, when the contrary behaviour would in a short time advance them to the condition which they pretend to.

Laertes has ^afifteen hundred pounds a year, which is mortgaged for six thousand pounds; but it is impossible to convince him that if he sold as much as would pay off that debt, he would save four shillings
5 in the pound, which he gives for the vanity of being the reputed master of it. Yet if Laertes did this, he would perhaps be easier in his own fortune; but then Irus, a fellow of yesterday, who has but twelve hundred a year, would be his equal. Rather than this
10 shall be, Laertes goes on to bring well-born beggars into the world, and every twelve month charges his estate with at least one year's rent more by the birth of a child.

Laertes and Irus are neighbours, whose way of
15 living are an abomination to each other. Irus is moved by the fear of poverty, and Laertes by the shame of it. Though the motive of action is of so near affinity in both, and may be resolved into this, that to each of them poverty is the greatest of all
20 evils; yet are their manners very widely different. Shame of poverty makes Laertes launch into unnecessary equipage, vain expense, and lavish entertainments; fear of poverty makes Irus allow himself only plain necessities, appear without a servant, sell his
25 own corn, attend his labourers, and be himself a labourer. Shame of poverty makes Laertes go every day a step nearer to it, and fear of poverty stirs up Irus to make every day some further progress from it.

These different motives produce the excesses which
30 men are guilty of in the negligence of and provision

for themselves. Usury, ^astockjobbing, extortion, and oppression have their seed in the dread of want; and vanity, ^ariot, and prodigality, from the shame of it. But both these excesses are infinitely below the pursuit of a reasonable creature. After we have taken 5
care to command so much as is necessary for maintaining ourselves in the order of men suitable to our character, the care of superfluities is a vice no less extravagant than the neglect of necessities would have been before. 10

Certain it is that they are both out of nature, when she is followed with reason and good sense. It is from this reflection that I always read ^aMr. Cowley with the greatest pleasure. His magnanimity is as much above that of other considerable men as his un- 15
derstanding; and it is a true distinguishing spirit in the elegant ^aauthor who published his works, to dwell so much upon the temper of his mind and the moderation of his desires. By this means he has rendered his friend as amiable as famous. That state of life 20
which bears the face of poverty with Mr. Cowley's great ^aVulgar is admirably described; and it is no small satisfaction to those of the same turn of desire, that he produces the authority of the wisest men of the best age of the world to strengthen his opinion of 25
the ordinary pursuits of mankind.

It would, methinks, be no ill maxim of life, if, according to that ancestor of Sir Roger whom I lately mentioned, every man would ^apoint to himself what sum he would resolve not to exceed. He might by 30

- this means cheat himself into a tranquillity on this side of that expectation, or convert what he should get above it to nobler uses than his own pleasures or necessities. This temper of mind would exempt a
5 man from an ignorant envy of restless men above him, and a more inexcusable contempt of happy men below him. This would be sailing by some compass, living with some design; but to be eternally bewildered in prospects of future gain, and putting on unnecessary
10 armour against improbable blows of fortune, is a "mechanic being which has not good sense for its direction, but is carried on by a sort of acquired instinct towards things below our consideration and unworthy our esteem.
- 15 It is possible that the tranquillity I now enjoy at Sir Roger's may have created in me this way of thinking, which is so abstracted from the common relish of the world. But as I am now in a pleasing arbour surrounded with a beautiful landscape, I find no inclination
20 so strong as to continue in these mansions, so remote from the ostentatious scenes of life; and am at this present writing philosopher enough to conclude with Mr. Cowley:

- 25 "If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,
 With any wish so mean as to be great,
 Continue, Heaven, still from me to remove
 The humble blessings of that life I love.

Health and Exercise.

No. 115.

ADDISON.

—^a*Ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.*

—JUV.

Bodily labour is of two kinds, either that which a man submits to for his livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his pleasure. The latter of them generally changes the name of labour for that of exercise, 5 but differs only from ordinary labour as it rises from another motive.

A country life abounds in both these kinds of labour, and for that reason gives a man a greater stock of health, and consequently a more perfect enjoyment 10 of himself, than any other way of life. I consider the body as a system of tubes and glands, or, to use a more rustic phrase, a bundle of pipes and strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a manner as to make a proper engine for the soul to work with. 15 This description does not only comprehend the bowels, bones, tendons, veins, nerves, and arteries, but every muscle and every ligature, which is a composition of fibres, that are so many imperceptible tubes or pipes, interwoven on all sides with invisible glands 20 or strainers.

This general idea of a human body, without considering it in its niceties of anatomy, lets us see how absolutely necessary labour is for the right preserva-

tion of it. There must be frequent motions and agitations to mix, digest, and separate the juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanse that infinitude of pipes and strainers of which it is composed, and to
5 give their solid parts a more firm and lasting tone. Labour or exercise ferments the ^ahumours, casts them into their proper channels, throws off redundancies, and helps nature in those secret distributions, without which the body cannot subsist in its vigour, nor
10 the soul act with cheerfulness.

I might here mention the effects which this has upon all the faculties of the mind, by keeping the understanding clear, the imagination untroubled, and refining ^athose spirits that are necessary for the proper
15 exertion of our intellectual faculties during the present laws of union between soul and body. It is to a neglect in this particular that we must ascribe the ^aspleen, which is so frequent in men of studious and sedentary tempers, as well as the ^avapours to which
20 those of the other sex are so often subject.

Had not exercise been absolutely necessary for our well-being, Nature would not have made the body so proper for it, by giving such an activity to the limbs, and such a pliancy to every part as necessarily pro-
25 duce those compressions, extensions, contortions, dilatations, and all other kinds of motions that are necessary for the preservation of such a system of tubes and glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might not want inducements to engage us in such
30 an exercise of the body as is proper for its welfare, it

is so ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honour, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the hands and sweat of the brows. Providence furnishes materials, but expects that we should work 5 them up ourselves. The earth must be laboured before it gives its increase, and when it is forced into its several products, how many hands must they pass through before they are fit for use! Manufactures, trade, and agriculture naturally employ more than 10 nineteen parts of the species in twenty; and as for those who are not obliged to labour, by the condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of mankind, unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary labour which goes by the name of 15 exercise.

My friend Sir Roger has been an indefatigable man in business of this kind, and has hung several parts of his house with the trophies of his former labours. The walls of his great hall are covered with the horns of 20 several kinds of deer that he has killed in the chase, which he thinks the most valuable furniture of his house, as they afford him frequent topics of discourse, and show that he has not been idle. At the lower end of the hall is a large otter's skin stuffed with hay, 25 which his mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the knight looks upon with great satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine years old when his dog killed him. A little room adjoining to the hall is a kind of arsenal filled with guns of several 30

sizes and inventions, with which the knight has made great havoc in the woods and destroyed many thousands of pheasants, partridges, and woodcocks. His stable-doors are patched with noses that belonged to
5 foxes of the knight's own hunting down. Sir Roger showed me one of them that for distinction sake has a brass nail struck through it, which cost him about fifteen hours riding, carried him through half a dozen counties, killed him a brace of geldings, and lost
10 above half his dogs. This the knight looks upon as one of the greatest exploits of his life. The perverse widow, whom I have given some account of, was the death of several foxes; for Sir Roger has told me that in the course of his amours he patched the western
15 door of his stable. Whenever the widow was cruel, the foxes were sure to pay for it. In proportion as his passion for the widow abated and old age came on, he left off fox-hunting; but a hare is not yet safe that sits within ten miles of his house.

20 There is no kind of exercise which I would so recommend to my readers of both sexes as this of riding, as there is none which so much conduces to health, and is every way accommodated to the body, according to the idea which I have given of it. ^aDoc-
25 tor Sydenham is very lavish in its praises; and if the English reader will see the mechanical effects of it described at length, he may find them in a book published not many years since under the title of the
^a*Medicina Gymnastica*. For my own part, when I
30 am in town, for want of these opportunities, I exer-

cise myself an hour every morning upon a dumb bell that is placed in a corner of my room, and it pleases me the more because it does everything I require of it in the most profound silence. My landlady and her daughters are so well acquainted with my hours of exercise that they never come into my room to disturb me whilst I am ringing. 5

When I was some years younger than I am at present, I used to employ myself in a more laborious diversion, which I learned from a ^aLatin treatise of exercises that is written with great erudition. It is there called the σκιομαχία, or the fighting with a man's own shadow, and consists in the brandishing of two short sticks grasped in each hand, and loaden with plugs of lead at either end. This opens the chest, 15 exercises the limbs, and gives a man all the pleasure of boxing without the blows. I could wish that several learned men would lay out that time which they employ in controversies and disputes about nothing in this method of fighting with their own shadows. It 20 might conduce very much to evaporate the spleen, which makes them uneasy to the public as well as to themselves.

To conclude, as I am a compound of soul and body, I consider myself as obliged to a double scheme 25 of duties; and I think I have not fulfilled the business of the day when I do not thus employ the one in labour and exercise as well as the other in study and contemplation.

A Hunt with Sir Roger.

No. 116.

BUDGELL.

*^aVocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,
Taygetique canes.*

—VIRG.

Those who have searched into human nature observe that nothing so much shows the nobleness of the soul as that its felicity consists in action. Every man has such an active principle in him that he will find out something to employ himself upon in whatever place or state of life he is posted. I have heard of a gentleman who was under close confinement in the^a Bastile seven years, during which time he amused himself in scattering a few small pins about his chamber, gathering them up again, and placing them in different figures on the arm of a great chair. He often told his friends afterwards that, unless he had found out this piece of exercise, he verily believed he should have lost his senses.

After what has been said, I need not inform my readers that Sir Roger, with whose character I hope they are at present pretty well acquainted, has in his youth gone through the whole course of those rural diversions which the country abounds in, and which seem to be extremely well suited to that laborious industry a man may observe here in a far greater degree than in towns and cities. I have before hinted at some of my friend's exploits. He has in his youthful days

taken forty coveys of partridges in a season, and tired many a salmon with a line consisting but of a single hair. The constant thanks and good wishes of the neighbourhood always attended him on account of his remarkable enmity towards foxes, having destroyed 5 more of those vermin in one year than it was thought the whole country could have produced. Indeed, the knight does not scruple to own among his most intimate friends that, in order to establish his reputation this way, he has secretly sent for great numbers of 10 them out of other counties, which he used to turn loose about the country by night, that he might the better signalize himself in their destruction the next day. His hunting horses were the finest and best managed in all these parts. His tenants are still full of 15 the praises of a gray ^astone-horse that unhappily staked himself several years since, and was buried with great solemnity in the orchard.

Sir Roger, being at present too old for fox-hunting, to keep himself in action, has disposed of his ^abeagles 20 and got a pack of ^astop-hounds. What these want in speed he endeavours to make amends for by the deepness of their mouths and the variety of their notes, which are suited in such manner to each other that the whole cry makes up a complete ^aconsort. He is so 25 nice in this particular that a gentleman having made him a present of a very fine hound the other day, the knight returned it by the servant with a great many expressions of civility; but desired him to tell his master that the dog he had sent was indeed a most excel- 30

lent bass, but that at present he only wanted a counter-tenor. Could I believe my friend had ever read Shakespeare, I would certainly conclude he had taken the hint from Theseus in the *Midsummer Night's*

5 *Dream* :

^aMy hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
 So ^aflew'd, so ^asanded; and their heads are hung
 With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
 Crook-knee'd and ^adew-lapp'd like Thessalian bull;
 10 Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
 Each under each: a cry more tuneable
 Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.

Sir Roger is so keen at this sport that he has been out almost every day since I came down; and upon
 15 the chaplain's offering to lend me his easy ^apad, I was prevailed on yesterday morning to make one of the company. I was extremely pleased, as we rid along, to observe the general benevolence of all the neighbourhood towards my friend. The farmers' sons
 20 thought themselves happy if they could open a gate for the good old knight as he passed by; which he generally requited with a nod or a smile, and a kind inquiry after their fathers and uncles.

After we had rid about a mile from home, we came
 25 upon a large heath, and the sportsmen began to beat. They had done so for some time, when, as I was at a little distance from the rest of the company, I saw a hare pop out from a small furze-brake almost under my horse's feet. I marked the way she took, which I
 30 endeavoured to make the company sensible of by ex-

tending my arm; but to no purpose, till Sir Roger, who knows that none of my extraordinary motions are insignificant, rode up to me and asked me if 'puss was gone that way.' Upon my answering "Yes," he immediately called in the dogs and put them upon the scent. As they were going off, I heard one of the country fellows muttering to his companion that 'twas a wonder they had not lost all their sport for want of the silent gentleman's crying "Stole away!" 5

This, with my aversion to leaping hedges, made me withdraw to a rising ground, from whence I could have the picture of the whole chase without the fatigue of keeping in with the hounds. The hare immediately threw them above a mile behind her; but I was pleased to find that instead of running straight forwards, or, in hunter's language, "flying the country," as I was afraid she might have done, she wheeled about, and described a sort of circle round the hill where I had taken my station, in such manner as gave me a very distinct view of the sport. I could see her first pass by, and the dogs some time afterwards unravelling the whole track she had made, and following her through all her doubles. I was at the same time delighted in observing that deference which the rest of the pack paid to each particular hound, according to the character he had acquired amongst them. If they were at fault, and an old hound of reputation opened but once, he was immediately followed by the whole cry; while a raw dog, or one who was a noted liar, might have yelped his heart out without being taken notice of. 10 15 20 25 30

The hare now, after having squatted two or three times and been put up again as often, came still nearer to the place where she was at first started. The dogs pursued her, and these were followed by the jolly knight, who rode upon a white gelding, encompassed by his tenants and servants, and cheering his hounds with all the gaiety of five-and-twenty. One of the sportsmen rode up to me and told me that he was sure the chase was almost at an end, because the old dogs, which had hitherto lain behind, now headed the pack. The fellow was in the right. Our hare took a large field just under us, followed by the full cry "in view." I must confess the brightness of the weather, the cheerfulness of everything around me, the 'chiding' of the hounds, which was returned upon us in a double echo from two neighbouring hills, with the holloing of the sportsmen and the sounding of the horn, lifted my spirits into a most lively pleasure, which I freely indulged because I was sure it was innocent. If I was under any concern, it was on the account of the poor hare, that was now quite spent and almost within the reach of her enemies; when the huntsman, getting forward, threw down his pole before the dogs. They were now within eight yards of that game which they had been pursuing for almost as many hours; yet on the signal before mentioned they all made a sudden stand, and though they continued opening as much as before, durst not once attempt to pass beyond the pole. At the same time Sir Roger rode forward, and alighting, took up the hare in his arms;

which he soon delivered up to one of his servants with an order, if she could be kept alive, to let her go in his great orchard, where it seems he has several of these prisoners of war, who live together in a very comfortable captivity. I was highly pleased to see the discipline of the pack and the good nature of the knight, who could not find in his heart to murder a creature that had given him so much diversion. 5

As we were returning home, I remembered that Monsieur ^aPascal, in his most excellent discourse on the "Misery of Man," tells us that "all our endeavours after greatness proceed from nothing but a desire of being surrounded by a multitude of persons and affairs that may hinder us from looking into ourselves, which is a view we cannot bear." He afterwards goes on to show that our love of sports comes from the same reason, and is particularly severe upon hunting. "What," says he, "unless it be to drown thought, can make men throw away so much time and pains upon a silly animal, which they might buy cheaper in the market?" The foregoing reflection is certainly just, when a man suffers his whole mind to be drawn into his sports, and altogether loses himself in the woods; but does not affect those who propose a far more laudable end from this exercise, I mean the preservation of health, and keeping all the organs of the soul in a condition to execute her order. Had that incomparable person, whom I last quoted, been a little more indulgent to himself in this point the world might probably have enjoyed him much longer; whereas, 30

through too great an application to his studies in his youth, he contracted that ill habit of body, which, after a tedious sickness, carried him off in the fortieth year of his age; and the whole history we have of his life
5 till that time is but one continued account of the behaviour of a noble soul struggling under innumerable pains and distempers.

For my own part, I intend to hunt twice a week during my stay with Sir Roger and shall prescribe
10 the moderate use of this exercise to all my country friends as the best kind of physic for mending a bad constitution and preserving a good one.

I cannot do this better than in the following lines out of Mr. Dryden :

15 *The first physicians by debauch were made;
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade.
By chase our long-lived fathers earned their food;
Toil strung the nerves, and purified the blood;
But we their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
20 Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend:
God never made His work for man to mend.

The Coverley Witch.

No. 117.

ADDISON.

ⁱIpsi sibi somnia fingunt.

—VIRG.

There are some opinions in which a man should stand ^aneuter, without engaging his assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering faith as this, which refuses to settle upon any determination, is absolutely necessary in a mind that is careful to avoid errors and prepossessions. When the arguments press equally on both sides in matters that are indifferent to us, the safest method is to give up ourselves to neither. 5

It is with this temper of mind that I consider the subject of witchcraft. When I hear the ^arelations that are made from all parts of the world, not only from Norway and Lapland, from the East and West Indies, but from every particular nation in Europe, I cannot forbear thinking that there is such an intercourse and commerce with evil spirits as that which we express by the name of witchcraft. But when I consider that the ignorant and credulous parts of the world abound most in these relations, and that the persons among us who are supposed to engage in such an infernal commerce, are people of a weak understanding and crazed imagination, and at the same time reflect upon the many impostures and delusions of this nature that have been detected in all ages, I endeavour to suspend 10 15 20

my belief till I hear more certain accounts than any which have yet come to my knowledge. In short, when I consider the question whether there are such persons in the world as those we call witches, my mind
5 is divided between two opposite opinions; or rather, to speak my thoughts freely, I believe in general that there is, and has been, such a thing as witchcraft, but at the same time can give no credit to any particular instance of it.

10 I am engaged in this speculation by some occurrences that I met with yesterday, which I shall give my reader an account of at large. As I was walking with my friend Sir Roger by the side of one of his woods, an old woman applied herself to me for my
15 charity. Her dress and figure put me in mind of the following description in ^aOtway:

In a close lane, as I pursued my journey,
I spied a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself.
20 Her eyes with scalding rheum were galled and red;
Cold palsy shook her head; her hands seemed withered;
And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapt
The tattered remnant of an old striped hanging,
Which served to keep her carcase from the cold:
25 So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower ^aweeds were all o'er coarsely patched
With different coloured rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And seemed to speak variety of wretchedness.

As I was musing on this description, and compar-
30 ing it with the object before me, the knight told me

that this very old woman had the reputation of a witch all over the country, that her lips were observed to be always in motion, and that there was not a switch about her house which her neighbours did not believe had ^acarried her several hundreds of miles. If she 5
chanced to stumble, they always found sticks or straws that lay in the figure of a cross before her. If she made any mistake at church, and cried "Amen" in a wrong place, they never failed to conclude that she was saying her prayers backwards. There was not 10
a maid in the parish that would take a pin of her, though she should offer a bag of money with it. She goes by the name of Moll White, and has made the country ring with several imaginary exploits which are palmed upon her. If the dairymaid does not make 15
her butter to come as soon as she would have it, Moll White is at the bottom of the churn. If a horse sweats in the stable, Moll White has been upon his back. If a hare makes an unexpected escape from the hounds, the huntsman curses Moll White. "Nay," says Sir 20
Roger, "I have known the master of the pack, upon such an occasion, send one of his servants to see if Moll White had been out that morning."

This account raised my curiosity so far that I begged my friend Sir Roger to go with me into her 25
hovel, which stood in a solitary corner under the side of the wood. Upon our first entering, Sir Roger winked to me, and pointed at something that stood behind the door, which, upon looking that way, I found to be an old broom-staff. At the same time, he 30

whispered me in the ear to take notice of a tabby cat that sat in the chimney corner, which, as the old knight told me, lay under as bad a report as Moll White herself; for besides that Moll is said often to accompany her in the same shape, the cat is reported to have spoken twice or thrice in her life, and to have played several pranks above the capacity of an ordinary cat.

I was secretly concerned to see human nature in so much wretchedness and disgrace, but at the same time could not forbear smiling to hear Sir Roger, who is a little puzzled about the old woman, advising her, as a justice of peace, to avoid all communication with the devil, and never to hurt any of her neighbours' cattle. We concluded our visit with a bounty, which was very acceptable.

In our return home, Sir Roger told me that old Moll had been often brought before him for making children spit pins, and giving maids the nightmare; and that the country people would be tossing her into a pond and "trying experiments with her every day, if it was not for him and his chaplain.

I have since found upon inquiry that Sir Roger was several times staggered with the reports that had been brought him concerning this old woman, and would frequently have "bound her over to the county sessions, had not his chaplain, with much ado, persuaded him to the contrary.

I have been the more particular in this account because I hear there is scarce a village in England

that has not a Moll White in it. When an old woman begins to ^adote and grow chargeable to a parish, she is generally turned into a witch, and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imaginary distempers, and terrifying dreams. In the mean time, the 5
poor wretch that is the innocent occasion of so many evils begins to be frightened at herself, and sometimes confesses secret commerces and familiarities that her imagination forms in a delirious old age. This frequently cuts off charity from the greatest objects of 10
compassion, and inspires people with a malevolence towards those poor decrepit parts of our species, in whom human nature is defaced by infirmity and dotage.

Sir Roger Discourses on Love.

No. 118.

STEELE.

^aHæret lateri lethalis arundo.

—VIRG.

This agreeable seat is surrounded with so many pleasing walks, which are struck out of a wood in the midst of which the house stands, that one can hardly
5 ever be weary of rambling from one labyrinth of delight to another. To one used to live in a city the charms of the country are so exquisite that the mind is lost in a certain transport which raises us above ordinary life, and is yet not strong enough to be in-
10 consistent with tranquillity. This state of mind was I in, ravished with the murmur of waters, the whisper of breezes, the singing of birds; and whether I looked up to the heavens, down on the earth, or turned to the prospects around me, still struck with new sense of
15 pleasure; when I found by the voice of my friend, who walked by me, that we had insensibly strolled into the grove sacred to the Widow. "This woman," says he, "is of all others the most unintelligible: she either designs to marry, or she does not. What is the most
20 perplexing of all is, that she doth not either say to her lovers she has any resolution against that condition of life in general, or that she banishes them; but conscious of her own merit, she permits their addresses without fear of any ill consequence, or want of respect,

from their rage or despair. She has that in her aspect against which it is impossible to offend. A man whose thoughts are constantly bent upon so agreeable an object must be excused if the ordinary occurrences in conversation are below his attention. I call her indeed
5
perverse, but, alas! why do I call her so? Because her superior merit is such that I cannot approach her without awe, that my heart is checked by too much esteem: I am angry that her charms are not more accessible, that I am more inclined to worship than
10
salute her. How often have I wished her unhappy that I might have an opportunity of serving her! And how often troubled in that very imagination, at giving her the pain of being obliged! Well, I have led a miserable life in secret upon her account; but fancy she
15
would have condescended to have some regard for me, if it had not been for that watchful animal, her confidante.

“Of all persons under the sun,” continued he, calling me by my name, “be sure to set a mark upon con-
20
fidantes; they are of all people the most impertinent. What is most ^apleasant to observe in them is that they assume to themselves the merit of the persons whom they have in their custody. Orestilla is a great fortune, and in wonderful danger of surprises; therefore
25
full of suspicions of the least indifferent thing, particularly careful of new acquaintance and of growing too familiar with the old. Themista, her favourite woman, is every whit as careful of whom she speaks to, and what she says. Let the ward be a beauty, her confi-
30

dante shall treat you with an air of distance; let her be a fortune, and she assumes the suspicious behaviour of her friend and patroness. Thus it is that very many of our unmarried women of distinction are to all intents and purposes married, except the consideration of different sexes. They are directly under the conduct of their whisperer, and think they are in a state of freedom, while they can prate with one of these attendants of all men in general and still avoid the man they most like. You do not see one heiress in an hundred whose fate does not turn upon the circumstance of choosing a confidante. Thus it is that the lady is addressed to, presented, and flattered, only by proxy, in her woman. In my case, how is it possible that—”

Sir Roger was proceeding in his harangue, when we heard the voice of one speaking very importunately, and repeating these words, “What, not one smile?” We followed the sound till we came to a close thicket, on the other side of which we saw a young woman sitting as it were in a ^apersonated sullenness just over a transparent fountain. Opposite to her stood Mr. William, Sir Roger’s master of the game. The knight whispered me, “Hist, these are lovers.” The huntsman, looking earnestly at the shadow of the young maiden in the stream, “O thou dear picture, if thou couldst remain there in the absence of that fair creature whom you represent in the water, how willingly could I stand here satisfied forever, without troubling my dear Betty herself with any mention of

her unfortunate William, whom she is angry with. But alas! when she pleases to be gone, thou wilt also vanish. Yet let me talk to thee while thou dost stay. Tell my dearest Betty thou dost not more depend upon her than does her William: her absence will make away with me as well as thee. If she offers to remove thee, I'll jump into these waves to lay hold on thee; herself, her own dear person, I must never embrace again.—Still do you hear me without one smile?—It is too much to bear.”—He had no sooner spoke these words but he made an offer of throwing himself into the water; at which his mistress started up, and at the next instant he jumped across the fountain and met her in an embrace. She, half recovering from her fright, said in the most charming voice imaginable, and with a tone of complaint, “I thought how well you would drown yourself. No, no, you won't drown yourself till you have taken your leave of Susan Holiday.” The huntsman, with a tenderness that spoke the most passionate love, and with his cheek close to hers, whispered the softest vows of fidelity in her ear, and cried, “Don't, my dear, believe a word Kate Willow says; she is spiteful and makes stories, because she loves to hear me talk to herself for your sake.”

“Look you there,” quoth Sir Roger, “do you see there, all mischief comes from confidantes! But let us not interrupt them; the maid is honest, and the man dares not be otherwise, for he knows I loved her father. I will interpose in this matter, and hasten the wedding. Kate Willow is a witty mischievous woman

in the neighbourhood, who was a beauty; and makes me hope I shall see the perverse Widow in her condition. She was so flippant with her answers to all the honest fellows that came near her, and so very
5 vain of her beauty, that she has valued herself upon her charms till they are ceased. She therefore now makes it her business to prevent other young women from being more discreet than she was herself. However, the saucy thing said the other day well enough,
10 'Sir Roger and I must make a match, for we are both despised by those we loved.' The hussy has a great deal of power wherever she comes, and has her share of cunning.

"However, when I reflect upon ^athis woman, I do
15 not know whether in the main I am the worse for having loved her. Whenever she is recalled to my imagination, my youth returns and I feel a forgotten warmth in my veins. This affliction in my life has streaked all my conduct with a softness of which I
20 should otherwise have been incapable. It is, perhaps, to this dear image in my heart owing, that I am apt to relent, that I easily forgive, and that many desirable things are grown into my temper, which I should not have arrived at by better motives than the
25 thought of being one day hers. I am pretty well satisfied such a passion as I have had is never well cured; and, between you and me, I am often apt to imagine it has had some whimsical effect upon my brain. For I frequently find that in my most serious discourse I
30 let fall some comical familiarity of speech or odd

phrase that makes the company laugh. However, I cannot but allow she is a most excellent woman. When she is in the country, I warrant she does not run into dairies, but reads upon the nature of plants; but has a glass hive, and comes into the garden out of books to see ^athem work, and observe the policies of their commonwealth. She understands everything. I'd give ten pounds to hear her argue with my friend Sir Andrew Freeport about trade. No, no, for all she looks so innocent as it were, take my word for it she is no fool."

Town and Country Manners.

No. 119.

ADDISON.

*^aUrbem quam dicunt Romam, Melibæe, putavi
Stultus ego nostræ similem.*

—VIRG.

The first and most obvious reflections which arise in a man who changes the city for the country are
5 upon the different manners of the people whom he meets with in those two different scenes of life. By manners I do not mean morals, but behaviour and good breeding as they show themselves in the town and in the country.

10 And here, in the first place, I must observe a very great revolution that has happened in this article of good breeding. ^aSeveral obliging deferences, condescensions, and submissions, with many outward forms and ceremonies that accompany them, were first of
15 all brought up among the politer part of mankind, who lived in courts and cities, and distinguished themselves from the rustic part of the species (who on all occasions acted bluntly and naturally) by such a mutual ^acomplaisance and intercourse of civilities. These
20 forms of ^aconversation by degrees multiplied and grew troublesome; the modish world found too great a constraint in them, and have therefore thrown most of them aside. Conversation, like the Romish religion, was so encumbered with show and ceremony
25 that it stood in need of a reformation to retrench its

superfluities and restore it to its natural good sense and beauty. At present, therefore, an unconstrained^a carriage, and a certain openness of behaviour, are the height of good breeding. The fashionable world is grown free and easy; our manners sit more loose 5 upon us. Nothing is so modish as an agreeable negligence. In a word, good breeding shows itself most, where to an ordinary eye it appears the least.

If after this we look on the people of mode in the country, we find in them the manners of the last age. 10 They have no sooner fetched themselves up to the fashion of the polite world, but the town has dropped them, and are nearer to the first state of nature than to those refinements which formerly reigned in the court, and still prevail in the country. One may now 15 know a man that never^a conversed in the world by his excess of good breeding. A polite country squire shall make you as many bows in half an hour as would serve a courtier for a week. There is infinitely more^a to do about place and precedency in a meeting of 20 justices' wives than in an assembly of duchesses.

This rural politeness is very troublesome to a man of my temper, who generally take the chair that is next me, and walk first or last, in the front or in the rear, as chance directs. I have known my friend Sir 25 Roger's dinner almost cold before the company could adjust the ceremonial and be prevailed upon to sit down; and have heartily pitied my old friend, when I have seen him forced to pick and cull his guests, as they sat at the several parts of his table, that he might 30

drink their healths according to their respective ranks and qualities. Honest Will Wimble, who I should have thought had been altogether uninfected with ceremony, gives me abundance of trouble in this particular. Though he has been fishing all the morning, he will not help himself at dinner till I am served. When we are going out of the hall, he runs behind me; and last night, as we were walking in the fields, stopped short at a stile till I came up to it, and upon my making signs to him to get over, told me, with a serious smile, that sure I believed they had no manners in the country.

There has happened another revolution in the point of good breeding, which relates to the conversation among men of mode, and which I cannot but look upon as very extraordinary. It was certainly one of the first distinctions of a well-bred man, to express everything that had the most remote appearance of being obscene in modest terms and distant phrases; whilst the clown, who had no such delicacy of conception and expression, clothed his ideas in those plain, homely terms that are the most obvious and natural. This kind of good manners was perhaps carried to an excess, so as to make conversation too stiff, formal, and precise: for which reason (as hypocrisy in one age is generally succeeded by atheism in another) conversation is in a great measure relapsed into the first extreme; so that at present several of our men of the town, and particularly those who have been polished in France, make use of the most coarse,

uncivilized words in our language, and utter themselves often in such a manner as a clown would blush to hear.

This infamous piece of good breeding, which reigns among the coxcombs of the town, has not yet made its way into the country; and as it is impossible for such an irrational way of conversation to last long among a people that make any profession of religion or show of modesty, if the country gentlemen get into it they will certainly be left in the lurch. Their good breeding will come too late to them, and they will be thought a parcel of lewd clowns, while they fancy themselves talking together like men of wit and pleasure.

As the two points of good breeding which I have hitherto insisted upon regard behaviour and conversation, there is a third, which turns upon dress. In this, too, the country are very much behind-hand. The rural beaus are not yet got out of the fashion that took place at the time of ^athe Revolution, but ride about the country in red coats and laced hats, while the women in many parts are still trying to out-vie one another in the height of their head-dresses.

But a friend of mine, who is now ^aupon the western circuit, having promised to give me an account of the several modes and fashions that prevail in the different parts of the nation through which he passes, I shall defer the enlarging upon this last topic till I have received a letter from him, which I expect every post.

Sir Roger at the Assizes.

No. 122.

ADDISON.

**Comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo est.*

—PUBL. SYR. *Frag.*

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it
5 ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct when the verdict which he
10 passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable
15 tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind in the returns of affection and good-will which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old knight.
20 He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the county ^aassizes. As we were upon the road, Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time, during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted
25 me with their characters.

“The first of them,” says he, “that has a spaniel by his side, is a ^ayeoman of about an hundred pounds a year, an honest man. He is ^ajust within the Game Act, and qualified to kill an hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbour if he did not destroy so many partridges. In short, he is a very sensible man; shoots flying; and has been several times foreman of the petty jury. 5 10

“The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for ‘taking the law’ of everybody. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments. He plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, ^atill he was forced to sell the ground it inclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution. His father left him four-score pounds a year; but he has ^a‘cast’ and been cast so often that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow-tree.” 15 20

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will, it seems, had 25 30

been giving his fellow-traveller an account of his angling one day in such a hole, when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. Such-an-one, if he pleased, might 'take the law of him' for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both upon a round trot; and after having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that "much might be said on both sides." They were
10 neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it. Upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was sat before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who for his reputation in the country took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear that "he was glad his lordship had met with so much
20 good weather in his circuit." I was listening to the proceeding of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws, when, after about an
25 hour's sitting, I observed to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

30 Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a

general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger 'was up.' The speech he made was so little to the purpose that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court as to give him a figure in my eye and keep up his credit in the country. 5

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage that was not afraid to speak to the judge. 10

In our return home we met with a very odd accident, which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's family; and, to do honour to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that the 'Knight's Head' had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and, when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added, with a 20 25 30

more decisive look, that it was too great an honour for any man under a duke; but told him at the same time that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter by the knight's directions to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into the "Saracen's Head." I should not have known this story had not the innkeeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing that his honour's head was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but, upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied that "much might be said on both sides."

These several adventures, with the knight's behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

Florio and Leonilla.

No. 123.

ADDISON.

**Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam
Rectique cultus pectora roborant;
Utcunque defecere mores,
Dedecorant bene nata culpæ.*

—HOR.

As I was yesterday taking the air with my friend 5
Sir Roger, we were met by a fresh-colored, ruddy
young man, who rid by us full speed, with a couple
of servants behind him. Upon my inquiry who he
was, Sir Roger told me that he was a young gentle-
man of a considerable estate, who had been educated 10
by a tender mother, that lives not many miles from
the place where we were. She is a very good lady,
says my friend, but took so much care of her son's
health that she has made him good for nothing. She
quickly found that reading was bad for his eyes, and 15
that writing made his head ache. He was let loose
among the woods as soon as he was able to ride on
horseback, or to carry a gun upon his shoulder. To
be brief, I found by my friend's account of him, that
he had got a great stock of health, but nothing else; 20
and that if it were a man's business only to live, there
would not be a more accomplished young fellow in
the whole country.

The truth of it is, since my residing in these parts

I have seen and heard innumerable instances of young heirs and elder brothers who either from their own reflecting upon the estates they are born to, and therefore thinking all other accomplishments unnecessary, or from hearing these notions frequently inculcated to them by the flattery of their servants and domestics, or from the same foolish thought prevailing in those who have the care of their education, are of no manner of use but to keep up their families and transmit their lands and houses in a line to posterity.

This makes me often think on a story I have heard of two friends, which I shall give my reader at large under feigned names. The moral of it may, I hope, be useful, though there are some circumstances which make it rather appear like a ^anovel than a true story.

Eudoxus and Leontine began the world with small estates. They were both of them men of good sense and great virtue. They prosecuted their studies together in their earlier years, and entered into such a friendship as lasted to the end of their lives. Eudoxus, at his first setting out in the world, threw himself into a court, where by his natural endowments and his acquired abilities he made his way from one post to another, till at length he had raised a very considerable fortune. Leontine, on the contrary, sought all opportunities of improving his mind by study, conversation, and travel. He was not only acquainted with all the sciences, but with the most eminent professors of them throughout Europe. He knew perfectly well the interests of its princes, with the cus-

toms and fashions of their courts, and could scarce meet with the name of an extraordinary person in the ^a*Gazette* whom he had not either talked to or seen. In short, he had so well mixed and digested his knowledge of men and books, that he made one 5 of the most accomplished persons of his age. During the whole course of his studies and travels he kept up a punctual correspondence with Eudoxus, who often made himself acceptable to the principal men about court by the intelligence which he received from 10 Leontine. When they were both turned of forty (an age in which, ^aaccording to Mr. Cowley, 'there is no dallying with life'), they determined, pursuant to the resolution they had taken in the beginning of their lives, to retire, and pass the remainder of their days 15 in the country. In order to this, they both of them married much about the same time. Leontine, with his own and his wife's fortune, bought a farm of three hundred a year, which lay within the neighbourhood of his friend Eudoxus, who had purchased an estate 20 of as many thousands. They were both of them fathers about the same time, Eudoxus having a son born to him, and Leontine a daughter; but to the unspeakable grief of the latter, his young wife, in whom all his happiness was wrapt up, died in a few days 25 after the birth of her daughter. His affliction would have been insupportable, had not he been comforted by the daily visits and conversations of his friend. As they were one day talking together with their usual intimacy, Leontine considering how incapable he was 30

of giving his daughter a proper education in his own house, and Eudoxus reflecting on the ordinary behaviour of a son who knows himself to be the heir of a great estate, they both agreed upon an exchange of
5 children, namely, that the boy should be bred up with Leontine as his son, and that the girl should live with Eudoxus as his daughter, till they were each of them arrived at years of discretion. The wife of Eudoxus, knowing that her son could not be so advantageously
10 brought up as under the care of Leontine, and considering at the same time that he would be perpetually under her own eye, was by degrees prevailed upon to fall in with the project. She therefore took Leonilla, for that was the name of the girl, and edu-
15 cated her as her own daughter. The two friends on each side had wrought themselves to such an habitual tenderness for the children who were under their direction, that each of them had the real passion of a father, where the title was but imaginary. Florio,
20 the name of the young heir that lived with Leontine, though he had all the duty and affection imaginable for his supposed parent, was taught to rejoice at the sight of Eudoxus, who visited his friend very frequently, and was dictated by his natural affection, as
25 well as by the rules of prudence, to make himself esteemed and beloved by Florio. The boy was now old enough to know his supposed father's circumstances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the world by his own industry. This considera-
30 tion grew stronger in him every day, and produced

so good an effect that he applied himself with more than ordinary attention to the pursuit of everything which Leontine recommended to him. His natural abilities, which were very good, assisted by the directions of so excellent a counsellor, enabled him to 5 make a quicker progress than ordinary through all the parts of his education. Before he was twenty years of age, having finished his studies and exercises with great applause, he was removed from the university to the ^aInns of Court, where there are very 10 few that make themselves considerable proficient in the studies of the place who know they shall arrive at great estates without them. This was not Florio's case; he found that three hundred a year was but a poor estate for Leontine and himself to live upon, so 15 that he studied without intermission till he gained a very good insight into the constitution and laws of his country.

I should have told my reader that whilst Florio lived at the house of his foster-father, he was always 20 an acceptable guest in the family of Eudoxus, where he became acquainted with Leonilla from her infancy. His acquaintance with her by degrees grew into love, which in a mind trained up in all the sentiments of honour and virtue became a very uneasy passion. He 25 despaired of gaining an heiress of so great a fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect methods. Leonilla, who was a woman of the greatest beauty joined with the greatest modesty, entertained at the same time a secret passion for 30

Florio, but conducted herself with so much prudence that she never gave him the least intimation of it. Florio was now engaged in all those arts and improvements that are proper to raise a man's private
5 fortune and give him a figure in his country, but secretly tormented with that passion which burns with the greatest fury in a virtuous and noble heart, when he received a sudden summons from Leontine to repair to him into the country the next day. For
10 it seems Eudoxus was so filled with the report of his son's reputation, that he could no longer withhold making himself known to him. The morning after his arrival at the house of his supposed father, Leontine told him that Eudoxus had something of great
15 importance to communicate to him; upon which the good man embraced him and wept. Florio was no sooner arrived at the great house that stood in his neighbourhood, but Eudoxus took him by the hand, after the first salutes were over, and conducted him
20 into his closet. He there opened to him the whole secret of his parentage and education, concluding after this manner: "I have no other way left of acknowledging my gratitude to Leontine than by marrying you to his daughter. He shall not lose the
25 pleasure of being your father by the discovery I have made to you. Leonilla, too, shall be still my daughter; her filial piety, though misplaced, has been so exemplary that it deserves the greatest reward I can confer upon it. You shall have the pleasure of seeing
30 a great estate fall to you, which you would have

lost the relish of had you known yourself born to it. Continue only to deserve it in the same manner you did before you were possessed of it. I have left your mother in the next room. Her heart yearns towards you. She is making the same discoveries to Leonilla 5 which I have made to yourself." Florio was so overwhelmed with this profusion of happiness that he was not able to make a reply, but threw himself down at his father's feet, and amidst a flood of tears kissed and embraced his knees, asking his blessing, and ex- 10 pressing in dumb show those sentiments of love, duty, and gratitude that were too big for utterance. To conclude, the happy pair were married, and half Eudoxus's estate settled upon them. Leontine and Eudoxus passed the remainder of their lives together, 15 and received in the dutiful and affectionate behaviour of Florio and Leonilla the just recompense, as well as the natural effects, of that care which they had bestowed upon them in their education.

The Spectator on Party-spirit.

No. 125.

ADDISON.

*^aNe, pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella;
Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires.*

—VIRG.

My worthy friend Sir Roger, when we are talking of the ^amalice of parties, very frequently tells us an
5 accident that happened to him when he was a school-boy, which was at a time when the feuds ran high between the ^aRoundheads and Cavaliers. This worthy knight, being then but a stripling, had occasion to inquire which was the way to St. Anne's Lane, upon
10 which the person whom he spoke to, instead of answering his question, called him a young Popish cur, and asked him who had made Anne a saint. The boy, being in some confusion, inquired of the next he met which was the way to Anne's Lane; but was called a
15 prick-eared cur for his pains, and, instead of being shown the way, was told that she had been a saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. "Upon this," says Sir Roger, "I did not think fit to repeat the former question, but, going
20 into every lane of the neighbourhood, asked what they called the name of that lane." By which ingenious artifice he found out the place he inquired after without giving offence to any party. Sir Roger generally closes this narrative with reflections on the mis-

chief that parties do in the country; how they spoil good neighbourhood, and make honest gentlemen hate one another; besides that they manifestly tend to the ^aprejudice of the land-tax and the destruction of the game.

There cannot a greater judgment befall a country than such a dreadful spirit of division as rends a government into two distinct people, and makes them greater strangers and more averse to one another than if they were actually two different nations. The effects of such a division are pernicious to the last degree, not only with regard to those advantages which they give the common enemy, but to those private evils which they produce in the heart of almost every particular person. This influence is very fatal both to men's morals and their understandings; it sinks the virtue of a nation, and not only so, but destroys even common sense.

A furious party spirit, when it rages in its full violence, exerts itself in civil war and bloodshed; and when it is under its greatest restraint, naturally breaks out in falsehood, detraction, calumny, and a partial administration of justice. In a word, it fills a nation with spleen and rancour, and extinguishes all the seeds of good nature, compassion, and humanity.

^aPlutarch says, very finely, that a man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies, "because," says he, "if you indulge this passion in some occasions, it will rise of itself in others; if you hate your enemies,

you will contract such a vicious habit of mind, as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you." I might here observe how admirably this precept of morality (which derives the malignity of hatred from the passion itself, and not from its object) answers to
5 "that great rule which was dictated to the world about an hundred years before this philosopher wrote; but instead of that, I shall only take notice, with a real
10 grief of heart, that the minds of many good men among us appear soured with party principles, and alienated from one another in such a manner as seems to me altogether inconsistent with the dictates either of reason or religion. Zeal for a public cause
15 is apt to breed passions in the hearts of virtuous persons, to which the regard of their own private interest would never have betrayed them.

If this party spirit has so ill an effect on our morals, it has likewise a very great one upon our judgments.
20 We often hear a poor, insipid paper or pamphlet cried up, and sometimes a noble piece depreciated, by those who are of a different principle from the author. One who is actuated by this spirit is almost under an incapacity of discerning either real blemishes or beauties. A man of merit in a different principle is like an
25 object seen in two different mediums, that appears crooked or broken, however straight and entire it may be in itself. For this reason there is scarce a person of any figure in England who does not go by two con-
30 trary characters, as opposite to one another as light

and darkness. Knowledge and learning suffer in a particular manner from this strange prejudice, which at present prevails amongst all ranks and degrees in the British nation. As men formerly became eminent in learned societies by their parts and acquisitions, 5 they now distinguish themselves by the warmth and violence with which they espouse their respective parties. Books are valued upon the like considerations. An abusive, scurrilous style passes for satire, and a dull ^ascheme of party notions is called fine 10 writing.

There is one piece of sophistry practised by both sides, and that is the taking any scandalous story that has been ever whispered or invented of a private man, for a known, undoubted truth, and raising suit- 15 able speculations upon it. Calumnies that have been never proved, or have been often refuted, are the ordinary postulatum of these infamous scribblers, upon which they proceed as upon first principles granted by all men, though in their hearts they know 20 they are false, or at best very doubtful. When they have laid these foundations of scurrility, it is no wonder that their superstructure is every way answerable to them. If this shameless practice of the present age endures much longer, praise and reproach will cease 25 to be motives of action in good men.

There are certain periods of time in all governments when this inhuman spirit prevails. Italy was long torn in pieces by the ^aGuelphs and Ghibellines, and France by those who were for and against the 30

“League. But it is very unhappy for a man to be born in such a stormy and tempestuous season. It is the restless ambition of artful men that thus breaks a people into factions, and draws several well-meaning persons to their interest by a specious concern for their country. How many honest minds are filled with uncharitable and barbarous notions, out of their zeal for the public good! What cruelties and outrages would they not commit against men of an adverse party, whom they would honour and esteem, if, instead of considering them as they are represented, they knew them as they are! Thus are persons of the greatest probity seduced into shameful errors and prejudices, and made bad men even by that noblest of principles, the love of their country. I cannot forbear mentioning the famous Spanish proverb, “If there were neither fools nor knaves in the world, all people would be of one mind.”

For my own part I could heartily wish that all honest men would enter into an association for the support of one another against the endeavours of those whom they ought to look upon as their common enemies, whatsoever side they may belong to. Were there such an honest body of neutral forces, we should never see the worst of men in great figures of life, because they are useful to a party; nor the best unregarded, because they are above practising those methods which would be grateful to their faction. We should then single every criminal out of the herd, and hunt him down, however formidable and over-

grown he might appear. On the contrary, we should shelter distressed innocence, and defend virtue, however beset with contempt or ridicule, envy or defamation. In short, we should not any longer regard our fellow-subjects as Whigs or Tories, but should make 5 the man of merit our friend, and the villain our enemy.

Whig and Tory.

No. 126.

ADDISON.

^aTros Rutulusve fuat, nullo discrimine habebo.

—VIRG.

In my yesterday's paper I proposed that the honest men of all parties should enter into a kind of association for the defence of one another and the confusion
5 of their common enemies. As it is designed this neutral body should act with a regard to nothing but truth and equity, and divest themselves of the little heats and prepossessions that cleave to parties of all kinds, I have prepared for them the following form
10 of an association, which may express their intentions in the most plain and simple manner :

“We, whose names are hereunto subscribed, do solemnly declare, that we do in our consciences believe two and two make four; and that we shall
15 adjudge any man whatsoever to be our enemy who endeavours to persuade us to the contrary. We are likewise ready to maintain, with the hazard of all that is near and dear to us, that six is less than seven in all times and all places; and that ten will not be more
20 three years hence than it is at present. We do also firmly declare, that it is our resolution as long as we live to call black black, and white white. And we shall upon all occasions oppose such persons that upon any day of the year shall call black white, or

white black, with the utmost peril of our lives and fortunes."

Were there such a combination of honest men, who without any regard to places would endeavour to extirpate all such furious zealots as would sacrifice 5 one-half of their country to the passion and interest of the other; as also such infamous hypocrites, that are for promoting their own advantage under colour of the public good; with all the profligate immoral retainers to each side, that have nothing to recom- 10 mend them but an implicit submission to their leaders; we should soon see that furious party spirit extinguished, which may in time expose us to the derision and contempt of all the nations about us.

A member of this society that would thus carefully 15 employ himself in making room for merit, by throwing down the worthless and depraved part of mankind from those conspicuous stations of life to which they have been sometimes advanced, and all this without regard to his private interest, would be no small 20 benefactor to his country.

I remember to have read in ^aDiodorus Siculus an account of a very active little animal, which I think he calls the 'ichneumon,' that makes it the whole business of his life to break the eggs of the crocodile, 25 which he is always in search after. This instinct is the more remarkable, because the ichneumon never feeds upon the eggs he has broken, nor in any other way finds his account in them. Were it not for the incessant labors of this industrious animal, Egypt, 30

says the historian, would be overrun with crocodiles ; for the Egyptians are so far from destroying those pernicious creatures that they worship them as gods.

If we look into the behaviour of ordinary partisans,
5 we shall find them far from resembling this disinterested animal ; and rather acting after the example of the wild Tartars, who are ambitious of destroying a man of the most extraordinary parts and accomplishments, as thinking that upon his decease the same
10 talents, whatever post they qualified him for, enter of course into his destroyer.

As in the whole train of my speculations, I have endeavoured, as much as I am able, to extinguish that pernicious spirit of passion and prejudice which rages
15 with the same violence in all parties, I am still the more desirous of doing some good in this particular, because I observe that the spirit of party reigns more in the country than in the town. It here contracts a kind of brutality and rustic fierceness, to which men
20 of a politer conversation are wholly strangers. It extends itself even to the return of the bow and the hat ; and at the same time that the heads of parties preserve toward one another an outward show of good breeding, and keep up a perpetual intercourse
25 of civilities, their tools that are dispersed in these outlying parts will not so much as mingle together at a ^acock-match. This humour fills the country with several periodical meetings of Whig jockeys and Tory fox-hunters, not to mention the innumerable
30 curses, frowns, and whispers it produces at a quarter-sessions.

I do not know whether I have observed in any of my former papers, that my friends Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport are of different principles, the first of them inclined to the landed and the other to the moneyed interest. This humour 5 is so moderate in each of them, that it proceeds no farther than to an agreeable raillery, which very often diverts the rest of the club. I find, however, that the knight is a much stronger Tory in the country than in town, which, as he has told me in my ear, is absolutely necessary for the keeping up his interest. In 10 all our journey from London to his house we did not so much as ^abait at a Whig inn; or if by chance the coachman stopped at a wrong place, one of Sir Roger's servants would ride up to his master full speed, and whisper to him that the master of the 15 house was against such an one in the last election. This often betrayed us into hard beds and bad cheer; for we were not so inquisitive about the inn as the inn-keeper; and, provided our landlord's principles 20 were sound, did not take any notice of the staleness of his provisions. This I found still the more inconvenient, because the better the host was, the worse generally were his accommodations; the fellow knowing very well that those who were his friends would 25 take up with coarse diet and an hard lodging. For these reasons, all the while I was upon the road I dreaded entering into an house of any one that Sir Roger had applauded for an honest man.

Since my stay at Sir Roger's in the country, I 30

daily find more instances of this narrow party humour. Being upon a bowling green at a neighbouring market town the other day (for that is the place where the gentlemen of one side meet once a
 5 week), I observed a stranger among them of a better presence and genteeler behaviour than ordinary; but was much surprised that, notwithstanding he was a very fair better, nobody would take him up. But upon inquiry I found that he was one who had given
 10 a disagreeable vote in a former parliament, for which reason there was not a man upon that bowling green who would have so much correspondence with him as to win his money of him.

Among other instances of this nature, I must not
 15 omit one which concerns myself. Will Wimble was the other day relating several strange stories that he had picked up, nobody knows where, of a certain great man; and upon my staring at him, as one that was surprised to hear such things in the country,
 20 which had never been so much as whispered in the town, Will stopped short in the thread of his discourse, and after dinner asked my friend Sir Roger in his ear if he was sure that I was not a "fanatic.

It gives me a serious concern to see a spirit of dis-
 25 sension in the country; not only as it destroys virtue and common sense, and renders us in a manner barbarians towards one another, but as it perpetuates our animosities, widens our breaches, and transmits our present passions and prejudices to our posterity. For
 30 my own part, I am sometimes afraid that I discover

the seeds of a civil war in these our divisions; and therefore cannot but bewail, as in their first principles, the miseries and calamities of our children.

A Gypsy Camp.

No. 130.

ADDISON.

—*Semperque recentes*

Convectare juvat prædas, et vivere rapto.

—VIRG.

As I was yesterday riding out in the fields with my friend Sir Roger, we saw at a little distance from us
5 a troop of gypsies. Upon the first discovery of them, my friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the justice of the peace upon such a band of lawless vagrants; but not having his clerk with him, who is a necessary counsellor on these occasions, and
10 fearing that his poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the thought drop; but at the same time gave me a particular account of the mischiefs they do in the country in stealing people's goods and spoiling their servants. "If a stray piece of linen hangs upon an
15 hedge," says Sir Roger, "they are sure to have it; if the hog loses his way in the fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their prey; our geese cannot live in peace for them; if a man prosecutes them with severity, his hen-roost is sure to pay for it. They generally strag-
20 gle into these parts about this time of the year, and set the heads of our servant-maids so agog for husbands that we do not expect to have any business done as it should be whilst they are in the country. I have an honest dairymaid who "crosses their hands

with a piece of silver every summer, and never fails being promised the handsomest young fellow in the parish for her pains. Your friend the butler has been fool enough to be seduced by them, and though he is sure to lose a knife, a fork, or a spoon every time his fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the pantry with an old gypsy for above half an hour once in a twelve-month. Sweethearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see now and then some handsome young jades among them; the vagabonds have very often white teeth and black eyes."

Sir Roger, observing that I listened with great attention to his account of a people who were so entirely new to me, told me that, if I would, they should tell us our fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the knight's proposal, we rid up and communicated our hands to them. A ^aCassandra of the crew, after having examined my ^alines very diligently, told me that I loved a pretty maid in a corner, that I was a good woman's man, with some other particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My friend Sir Roger alighted from his horse, and exposing his palm to two or three that stood by him, they crumpled it into all shapes, and diligently scanned every wrinkle that could be made in it; when one of them, who was older and more sunburnt than the rest, told him that he had a widow in his line of life. Upon which the knight cried, "Go, go, you are an ^aidle baggage," and

at the same time smiled upon me. The gypsy, finding he was not displeased in his heart, told him, after a farther inquiry into his hand that his true-love was constant, and that she should dream of him to-night.

- 5 My old friend cried "Pish," and bid her go on. The gypsy told him that he was a bachelor, but would not be so long; and that he was dearer to somebody than he thought. The knight still repeated, 'she was an idle baggage,' and bid her go on. "Ah, master,"
10 says the gypsy, "that roguish leer of yours makes a pretty woman's heart ache; you ha'n't that simper about the mouth for nothing." The uncouth gibberish with which all this was uttered, like the darkness of an oracle, made us the more attentive to it.
15 To be short, the knight left the money with her that he had crossed her hand with, and got up again on his horse.

As we were riding away, Sir Roger told me that he knew several sensible people who believed these
20 gypsies now and then foretold very strange things; and for half an hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the height of his good humour, meeting a common beggar upon the road, who was no conjurer, as he went to relieve him he found his
25 pocket was picked, that being a kind of palmistry at which this race of vermin are very dexterous.

I might here entertain my reader with historical remarks on this idle profligate people, who infest all the countries of Europe, and live in the midst of gov-
30 ernments in a kind of commonwealth by themselves.

But instead of entering into observations of this nature, I shall fill the remaining part of my paper with a story which is still fresh in Holland, and was printed in one of our monthly accounts about twenty years ago. "As the 'trekschuyt,' or hackney-boat, which carries passengers from Leyden to Amsterdam, was putting off, a boy running along the side of the canal desired to be taken in; which the master of the boat refused, because the lad had not quite money enough to pay the usual fare. An eminent merchant, being pleased with the looks of the boy, and secretly touched with compassion towards him, paid the money for him, and ordered him to be taken on board. Upon talking with him afterwards, he found that he could speak readily in three or four languages, and learned upon farther examination that he had been stolen away when he was a child by a gypsy, and had rambled ever since with a gang of those strollers up and down several parts of Europe. It happened that the merchant, whose heart seems to have inclined towards the boy by a secret kind of instinct, had himself lost a child some years before. The parents, after a long search for him, gave him for drowned in one of the canals with which that country abounds; and the mother was so afflicted at the loss of a fine boy, who was her only son, that she died for grief of it. Upon laying together all particulars, and examining the several moles and marks by which the mother used to describe the child when he was first missing, the boy proved to be the son of the mer-

chant, whose heart had so unaccountably melted at the sight of him. The lad was very well pleased to find a father who was so rich and likely to leave him a good estate; the father on the other hand was not a
5 little delighted to see a son return to him, whom he had given for lost, with such a strength of constitution, sharpness of understanding, and skill in languages." Here the printed story leaves off; but if I
10 ceived such extraordinary rudiments towards a good education, was afterwards trained up in everything that becomes a gentleman; wearing off by little and little all the vicious habits and practices that he had been used to in the course of his peregrinations. Nay,
15 it is said that he has since been employed in foreign courts upon national business, with great reputation to himself and honour to those who sent him, and that he has visited several countries as a public minister in which he formerly wandered as a gypsy.

Reasons for Returning to Town.

No. 131.

ADDISON.

**Ipsæ rursum concedite sylvæ.*

—VIRG.

It is usual for a man who loves country sports to preserve the game in his own grounds, and divert himself upon those that belong to his neighbour. My friend Sir Roger generally goes two or three miles 5 from his house, and gets into the frontiers of his estate, before he beats about in search of a hare or partridge, on purpose to spare his own fields, where he is always sure of finding diversion, when the worst comes to the worst. By this means the breed about 10 his house has time to increase and multiply, besides that the sport is the more agreeable where the game is the harder to come at, and where it does not lie so thick as to produce any perplexity or confusion in the pursuit. For these reasons, the country gentleman, 15 like the fox, seldom preys near his own home.

In the same manner, I have made a month's excursion out of the town, which is the great field of game for sportsmen of my species, to try my fortune in the country, where I have started several subjects and 20 hunted them down with some pleasure to myself, and I hope to others. I am here forced to use a great deal of diligence before I can spring anything to my mind, whereas in town, whilst I am following one

character, it is ten to one but I am crossed in my way by another, and put up such a variety of odd creatures in both sexes, that they foil the scent of one another and puzzle the chase. My greatest difficulty
5 in the country is to find sport, and in town to choose it. In the mean time, as I have given a whole month's rest to the ^acities of London and Westminster, I promise myself abundance of new game upon my return thither.

10 It is indeed high time for me to leave the country, since I find the whole neighbourhood begin to grow very inquisitive after my name and character; my love of solitude, taciturnity, and particular way of life, having raised a great curiosity in all these parts.

15 The notions which have been framed of me are various; some look upon me as very proud, some as very modest, and some as very melancholy. Will Wimble, as my friend the butler tells me, observing me very much alone, and extremely silent when I am
20 in company, is afraid I have killed a man. The country people seem to suspect me for a conjurer; and some of them, hearing of the visit which I made to Moll White, will needs have it that Sir Roger has brought down a ^acunning man with him, to cure the
25 old woman and free the country from her charms. So that the character which I go under in part of the neighbourhood is what they here call a ^aWhite Witch.

A justice of peace, who lives about five miles off, and is not of Sir Roger's party, has, it seems, said
30 twice or thrice at his table, that he wishes Sir Roger does not harbour a ^aJesuit in his house, and that he

thinks the gentlemen of the country would do very well to make me give some account of myself.

On the other side, some of Sir Roger's friends are afraid the old knight is imposed upon by a designing fellow; and, as they have heard that he converses very promiscuously when he is in town, do not know but he has brought down with him some ^adiscarded Whig, that is sullen and says nothing, because he is ^aout of place. 5

Such is the variety of opinions which are here entertained of me, so that I pass among some for a disaffected person, and among others for a popish priest; among some for a wizard, and among others for a murderer; and all this for no other reason that I can imagine, but because I do not hoot, and hollow, and make a noise. It is true, my friend Sir Roger tells them that 'it is my way,' and that I am only a philosopher; but this will not satisfy them. They think there is more in me than he discovers, and that I do not hold my tongue for nothing. 10 15 20

For these and other reasons I shall set out for London to-morrow, having found by experience that the country is not a place for a person of my temper, who does not love jollity and what they call good neighbourhood. A man that is out of humour when an unexpected guest breaks in upon him, and does not care for sacrificing an afternoon to every chance-comer, that will be the master of his own time and the pursuer of his own inclinations, makes but a very unsociable figure in this kind of life. I shall therefore retire into the town, if I may make use of that 25 30

phrase, and get into the crowd again as fast as I can, in order to be alone. I can there raise what speculations I please upon others without being observed myself, and at the same time enjoy all the advantages of company with all the privileges of solitude. In the meanwhile, to finish the month and conclude these my rural speculations, I shall here insert a letter from my friend Will Honeycomb, who has not lived a month for these forty years out of the smoke of London, and rallies me after his way upon my country life.

“DEAR SPEC,

“I suppose this letter will find thee picking of daisies, or smelling to a ^alock of hay, or passing away thy time in some innocent country diversion of the like nature. I have, however, orders from the club to summon thee up to town, being all of us cursedly afraid thou wilt not be able to relish our company after thy conversations with Moll White and Will Wimble. Pr’ythee don’t send us up any more stories of a ^acock and a bull, nor frighten the town with spirits and witches. Thy speculations begin to smell confoundedly of woods and meadows. If thou dost not come up quickly, we shall conclude thou art in love with one of Sir Roger’s dairy-maids. Service to the knight. Sir Andrew is grown the cock of the club since he left us, and if he does not return quickly, will make every mother’s son of us ^acommonwealth’s men.

“Dear Spec, Thine eternally,

“WILL HONEYCOMB.”

The Journey Back to London.

No. 132.

STEELE.

^aQui, aut tempus quid postulet non videt, aut plura loquitur, aut se ostentat, aut eorum quibuscum est rationem non habet, is ineptus esse dicitur.

—TULL.

Having notified to my good friend Sir Roger that I should set out for London the next day, his horses were ready at the appointed hour in the evening; and, attended by one of his grooms, I arrived at the county town at twilight, in order to be ready for the stage-coach the day following. As soon as we arrived at the inn, the servant who waited upon me inquired of the ^achamberlain in my hearing what company he had for the coach. The fellow answered, “^aMrs. Betty Arable, the great fortune, and the widow her mother; a recruiting officer, who took a place because they were to go; young Squire Quickset, her cousin, that her mother wished her to be married to; ^aEphraim the Quaker, her guardian; and a gentleman that had studied himself dumb from Sir Roger de Coverley’s.” I observed, by what he said of myself, that according to his office he dealt much in intelligence; and doubted not but there was some foundation for his reports of the rest of the company, as well as for the whimsical account he gave of me. The next morning at daybreak we were all called; and I, who know my own natural shyness, and endeavour to be as little

liable to be disputed with as possible, dressed immediately, that I might make no one wait. The first preparation for our setting out was, that the captain's half pike was placed near the coachman, and a drum
5 behind the coach. In the mean time, the drummer, the captain's ^aequipage, was very loud 'that none of the captain's things should be placed so as to be spoiled;' upon which his cloak-bag was fixed ^ain the seat of the coach; and the captain himself, according
10 to a frequent, though invidious, behaviour of military men, ordered his man to look sharp that none but one of the ladies should have the place he had taken fronting the coach-box.

We were in some little time fixed in our seats, and
15 sat with that dislike which people not too good-natured usually conceive of each other at first sight. The coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of familiarity; and we had not moved above two miles, when the widow asked the captain what success he
20 had in his recruiting. The officer, with a frankness he believed very graceful, told her that "indeed he had but very little luck, and had suffered much by desertion; therefore should be glad to end his warfare in the service of her or her fair daughter. In a word,"
25 continued he, "I am a soldier, and to be plain is my character: you see me, madam, young, sound and impudent; take me yourself, widow, or give me to her; I will be wholly at your disposal. I am a soldier of fortune, ha!" This was followed by a vain laugh
30 of his own, and a deep silence of all the rest of the

company. I had nothing left for it but to fall fast asleep, which I did with all speed. "Come," said he, "resolve upon it, we will make a wedding at the next town. We will wake this pleasant companion, who is fallen asleep, to be the bride-man; and," giving the Quaker a clap on the knee, he concluded, "this sly saint, who I'll warrant understands what's what as well as you or I, widow, shall give the bride as father." The Quaker, who happened to be a man of smartness, answered, "Friend, I take it in good part that thou hast given me the authority of a father over this comely and virtuous child; and I must assure thee, that if I have the giving her, I shall not bestow her on thee. Thy mirth, friend, savoureth of folly: thou art a person of a light mind; thy drum is a type of thee: it soundeth because it is empty. Verily, it is not from thy fulness, but thy emptiness, that thou hast spoken this day. Friend, friend, we have hired this coach in partnership with thee, to carry us to the great city; we cannot go any other way. This worthy mother must hear thee if thou wilt needs utter thy follies; we cannot help it, friend, I say; if thou wilt, we must hear thee. But if thou wert a man of understanding, thou wouldst not take advantage of thy courageous countenance to abash us children of peace. Thou art, thou sayest, a soldier; give quarter to us, who cannot resist thee. Why didst thou flee at our friend, who feigned himself asleep? He said nothing; but how dost thou know what he containeth? If thou speakest improper things in the

hearing of this virtuous young virgin, consider it as an outrage against a distressed person that cannot get from thee. To speak indiscreetly what we are obliged to hear, by being ^ahasped up with thee in
5 this public vehicle, is in some degree assaulting on the high road."

Here Ephraim paused, and the captain with a happy and uncommon impudence, which can be convicted and support itself at the same time, cries,
10 "Faith, friend, I thank thee; I should have been a little impertinent if thou hadst not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I see, a ^asmoky old fellow, and I will be very orderly the ensuing part of the journey. I was going to give myself airs, but, ladies, I beg par-
15 don."

The captain was so little out of humour, and our company was so far from being soured by this little ruffle, that Ephraim and he took a particular delight in being agreeable to each other for the future; and
20 assumed their different provinces in the conduct of the company. Our reckonings, apartments, and accommodation fell under Ephraim; and the captain looked to all disputes on the road, as the good behaviour of our coachman, and the ^aright we had of
25 taking place, as going to London, of all vehicles coming from thence. The occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happened which could entertain by the relation of them. But when I considered the company we were in, I took it for no small good
30 fortune that the whole journey was not spent in im-

pertinences, which to one part of us might be an
 entertainment, to the other a suffering. What, there-
 fore, Ephraim said when we were almost arrived at
 London, had to me an air not only of good under-
 standing, but good breeding. Upon the young lady's 5
 expressing her satisfaction in the journey, and de-
 claring how delightful it had been to her, Ephraim
 delivered himself as follows: "There is no ordinary
 part of human life which expresth so much a good
 mind, and a right inward man, as his behaviour upon 10
 meeting with strangers, especially such as may seem
 the most unsuitable companions to him. Such a man,
 when he falleth in the way with persons of simplicity
 and innocence, however knowing he may be in the
 ways of men, will not vaunt himself thereof, but will 15
 the rather hide his superiority to them, that he may
 not be painful unto them. My good friend," con-
 tinued he, turning to the officer, "thee and I are to
 part by and by, and peradventure we may never meet
 again. But be advised by a plain man; modes and 20
 apparel are but trifles to the real man; therefore do
 not think such a man as thyself terrible for thy garb,
 nor such a one as me contemptible for mine. When
 two such as thee and I meet, with affections as we
 ought to have towards each other, thou shouldst re- 25
 joice to see my peaceable demeanour, and I should
 be glad to see thy strength and ability to protect me
 in it."

Sir Roger and Sir Andrew.

No. 174.

STEELE.

**Hæc memini, et victum frustra contendere Thyrsin.*

—VIRG.

There is scarce anything more common than animosities between parties that cannot subsist but by their agreement: this was well represented in the sedition of the members of the human body in the old
5 ^aRoman fable. It is often the case of lesser confederate states against a superior power, which are hardly held together, though their unanimity is necessary for their common safety; and this is always the case of
10 the landed and trading interest of Great Britain: the trader is fed by the product of the land, and the landed man cannot be clothed but by the skill of the trader; and yet those interests are ever jarring.

We had last winter an instance of this at our club,
15 in Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport, between whom there is generally a constant, though friendly, opposition of opinions. It happened that one of the company, in an historical discourse, was observing that ^aCarthaginian faith was a proverbial
20 phrase to intimate breach of leagues. Sir Roger said it could hardly be otherwise: that the Carthaginians were the greatest traders in the world; and, as gain is the chief end of such a people, they never pursue any other: the means to it are never regarded; they will,

if it comes easily, get money honestly ; but if not, they will not scruple to attain it by fraud or cozenage. And indeed, what is the whole business of the trader's account, but to overreach him who trusts to his memory? But were that not so, what can there great and noble be expected from him whose attention is forever fixed upon balancing his books and watching over his expenses? And at best, let frugality and parsimony be the virtues of the merchant, how much is his punctual dealing below a gentleman's charity to the poor, or hospitality among his neighbours!

Captain Sentry observed Sir Andrew very diligent in hearing Sir Roger, and had a mind to turn the discourse, by taking notice in general, from the highest to the lowest parts of human society, there was a secret, though unjust, way among men of indulging the seeds of ill-nature and envy, by comparing their own state of life to that of another, and grudging the approach of their neighbour to their own happiness; and on the other side, he who is the less at his ease repines at the other, who, he thinks, has unjustly the advantage over him. Thus the civil and military lists look upon each other with much ill-nature; the soldier repines at the courtier's power, and the courtier rallies the soldier's honour; or, to come to lower instances, the private men in the horse and foot of an army, the carmen and coachmen in the city streets, mutually look upon each other with ill will, when they are in ^acompetition for quarters, or the way in their respective motions.

“It is very well, good captain,” interrupted Sir Andrew: “you may attempt to turn the discourse if you think fit; but I must, however, have a word or two with Sir Roger, who, I see, thinks he has paid
5 me off, and been very severe upon the merchant. I shall not,” continued he, “at this time remind Sir Roger of the great and noble monuments of charity and public spirit which have been erected by merchants since the Reformation, but at present content
10 myself with what he allows us, parsimony and frugality. If it were consistent with the quality of so ancient a baronet as Sir Roger, to keep an account, or measure things by the most infallible way, that of numbers, he would prefer our parsimony to his hos-
15 pitality. If to drink so many hogsheads is to be hospitable, we do not contend for the fame of that virtue; but it would be worth while to consider, whether so many artificers at work ten days together by my appointment, or so many peasants made merry on Sir
20 Roger’s charge, are the men more obliged. I believe the families of the artificers will thank me more than the households of the peasants shall Sir Roger. Sir Roger gives to his men; but I place mine above the necessity or obligation of my bounty. I am in very
25 little pain for the Roman proverb upon the Carthaginian traders; the Romans were their professed enemies. I am only sorry no Carthaginian histories have come to our hands: we might have been taught perhaps by them some proverbs against the Roman
30 generosity in fighting for and bestowing other peo-

ple's goods. But since Sir Roger has taken occasion from an old proverb to be out of humour with merchants, it should be no offence to offer one not quite so old in their defence. When a man happens to break in Holland, they say of him that 'he has not
5 kept true accounts.' This phrase, perhaps, among us would appear a soft or humorous way of speaking, but with that exact nation it bears the highest reproach. For a man to be mistaken in the calculation of his expense, in his ability to answer future de-
10 mands, or to be ^aimpertinently sanguine in putting his credit to too great adventure, are all instances of as much infamy as with gayer nations to be failing in courage or common honesty.

"Numbers are so much the measure of everything
15 that is valuable, that it is not possible to demonstrate the success of any action, or the prudence of any undertaking, without them. I say this in answer to what Sir Roger is pleased to say, that 'little that is
25 truly noble can be expected from one who is ever poring on his cash-book, or balancing his accounts.' When I have my returns from abroad, I can tell to a shilling, by the help of numbers, the profit or loss by my adventure; but I ought also to be able to show
30 that I had reason for making it, either from my own experience or that of other people, or from a reasonable presumption that my returns will be sufficient to answer my expense and hazard; and this is never to be done without the skill of numbers. For instance, if I am to trade to Turkey, I ought beforehand to

know the demand of our manufactures there, as well as of their silks in England, and the customary prices that are given for both in each country. I ought to have a clear knowledge of these matters beforehand, 5 that I may presume upon sufficient returns to answer the charge of the cargo I have fitted out, the freight and ^aassurance out and home, the customs to the queen, and the interest of my own money; and, besides all these expenses, a reasonable profit to myself. 10 Now what is there of scandal in this skill? What has the merchant done that he should be so little in the good graces of Sir Roger? He ^athrows down no man's enclosures, and tramples upon no man's corn; he takes nothing from the industrious labourer; he 15 pays the poor man for his work; he communicates his profit with mankind; by the preparation of his cargo and the manufacture of his returns, he furnishes employment and subsistence to greater numbers than the richest nobleman; and even the nobleman is 20 obliged to him for finding out foreign markets for the produce of his estate, and for making a great addition to his ^arents; and yet 'tis certain that none of all these things could be done by him without the exercise of his skill in numbers.

25 "This is the economy of the merchant; and the conduct of the gentleman must be the same, unless, by scorning to be the steward, he resolves the steward shall be the gentleman. The gentleman, no more than the merchant, is able, without the help of num- 30 bers, to account for the success of any action, or the

prudence of any adventure. If, for instance, the chase is his whole adventure, his only returns must be the stag's horns in the great hall and the fox's nose upon the stable door. Without doubt Sir Roger knows the full value of these returns; and if beforehand he had 5 computed the charges of the chase, a gentleman of his discretion would certainly have hanged up all his dogs; he would never have brought back so many fine horses to the kennel; he would never have gone so often, like a blast, over fields of corn. If such, too, 10 had been the conduct of all his ancestors, he might truly have boasted at this day, that the antiquity of his family had never been ^asullied by a trade; a merchant had never been permitted with his whole estate to purchase a room for his picture in the gallery of 15 the Coverley's, or to claim his descent from the maid of honour. But 'tis very happy for Sir Roger that the merchant paid so dear for his ambition. 'Tis the misfortune of many other gentlemen to turn out of the seats of their ancestors, to make way for such new 20 masters as have been more exact in their accounts than themselves; and certainly he deserves the estate a great deal better who has got it by his industry than he who has lost it by his negligence."

Sir Roger in Town.

No. 269.

ADDISON.

*^aÆvo rarissima nostro
Simplicitas.*

—OVID.

I was this morning surprised with a great knocking at the door, when my landlady's daughter came
5 up to me, and told me that there was a man below desired to speak with me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave elderly person, but that she did not know his name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the
10 coachman of my worthy friend Sir Roger de Coverley. He told me that his master came to town last night, and would be glad to take a turn with me in ^aGray's Inn Walks. As I was wondering in myself what had brought Sir Roger to town, not having
15 lately received any letter from him, he told me that his master was come up to get a sight of ^aPrince Eugene, and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

I was not a little pleased with the curiosity of the
20 old knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private discourse, that he looked upon Prince Eugenio (for so the knight always calls him) to be a greater man than ^aScanderbeg.

25 I was no sooner come into Gray's Inn Walks, but

I heard my friend upon the terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigor, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase), and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems. 5

I was touched with a secret joy at the sight of the good old man, who before he saw me was engaged in conversation with a beggar-man that had asked an alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out some work; but at the same time saw him put his hand in his pocket and give him sixpence. 10

Our salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many kind shakes of the hand, and several affectionate looks which we cast upon one another. After which the knight told me my good friend his chaplain was very well, and much at my service, and that the Sunday before he had made a most incomparable sermon out of ^aDoctor Barrow. 20
“I have left,” says he, “all my affairs in his hands, and being willing to lay an obligation upon him, have deposited with him ^athirty marks, to be distributed among his poor parishioners.”

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of Will Wimble. Upon which he put his hand into his fob and presented me in his name with a ^atobacco-stopper, telling me that Will had been busy all the beginning of the winter in turning great quantities of them; and that he made a present of one to every 30

gentleman in the country who has good principles, and smokes. He added that poor Will was at present under great tribulation, for that Tom Touchy had taken the law of him for cutting some hazel
5 sticks out of one of his hedges.

Among other pieces of news which the knight brought from his country seat, he informed me that Moll White was dead; and that about a month after her death the wind was so very high that it blew
10 down the end of one of his barns. "But for my own part," says Sir Roger, "I do not think that the old woman had any hand in it."

He afterwards fell into an account of the diversions which had passed in his house during the holidays; for Sir Roger, after the laudable custom of his
15 ancestors, always keeps open house at Christmas. I learned from him that he had killed eight fat hogs for the season, that he had dealt about his chines very liberally amongst his neighbours, and that in particular he had sent a string of ^ahogs-puddings with a
20 pack of cards to every poor family in the parish. "I have often thought," says Sir Roger, "it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of the winter. It is the most dead uncomfortable
25 time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in
30 my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to

my small beer, and set it a running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and mince pie upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and smutting one another. Our friend Will Wimble is as merry as any of them, and shows a thousand roguish tricks upon these occasions." 5

I was very much delighted with the reflection of my old friend, which carried so much goodness in it. He then launched out into the praise of the ^alate Act of Parliament for securing the Church of England, and told me, with great satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take effect, for that a rigid Dissenter, who chanced to dine at his house on Christmas day, had been observed to eat very plentifully of his ^aplum-porridge. 10 15

After having dispatched all our country matters, Sir Roger made several inquiries concerning the club, and particularly of his old antagonist Sir Andrew Freeport. He asked me with a kind of smile whether Sir Andrew had not taken advantage of his absence to vent among them some of his republican doctrines; but soon after, gathering up the countenance into a more than ordinary seriousness, "Tell me truly," says he, "don't you think Sir Andrew had a hand in the ^aPope's Procession?"—but without giving me time to answer him, "Well, well," says he, "I know you are a wary man, and do not care to talk of public matters." 20 25 30

The knight then asked me if I had seen Prince Eugenio, and made me promise to get him a stand in some convenient place where he might have a full sight of that extraordinary man, whose presence does
5 so much honour to the British nation. He dwelt very long on the praises of this great general, and I found that, since I was with him in the country, he had drawn many observations together out of his reading in ^aBaker's *Chronicle*, and other authors, who always
10 lie in his hall window, which very much redound to the honour of this prince.

Having passed away the greatest part of the morning in hearing the knight's reflections, which were partly private and partly political, he asked me if I
15 would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at Squire's. As I love the old man, I take delight in complying with everything that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffee-house, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of
20 the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table,, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax candle, and the ^aSupplement, with such an air of cheerfulness and good-humor, that all the boys in
25 the coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several errands, insomuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea, till the knight had got all his conveniences about him.

Sir Roger in Westminster Abbey.

No. 329.

ADDISON.

‘Ire tamen restat Numa quo devenit et Ancus.

—HOR.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me t’other night that he had been reading ^amy paper upon Westminster Abbey, “in which,” says he, “there are a great many ingenious fancies.” He told me at the same time that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the knight’s head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker’s *Chronicle*, which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the Abbey.

I found the knight under his butler’s hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed than he called for a glass of the ^awidow Trueby’s water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended me to a dram of it at the same time with so much heartiness that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the knight,

observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

5 I could have wished, indeed, that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good will. Sir Roger told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he staid in
10 town, to keep off infection, and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the ^asickness being at Dantzic; when of a sudden turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bid him call a hackney-coach, and take care it was an elderly man
15 that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. Trueby's water, telling me that the widow Trueby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the country; that she distilled every poppy that
20 grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her water gratis among all sorts of people; to which the knight added, that she had a very great ^ajointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her; "and truly," says Sir Roger,
25 "if I had not been ^aengaged, perhaps I could not have done better."

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axle-tree was good; upon the fel-
30 low's telling him he would warrant it, the knight

turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir Roger, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and upon his presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked. As I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good tobacconist's and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey, till we were set down at the west end of the Abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out, "A brave man, I warrant him!" Passing afterwards by ^aSir Cloudsley Shovel, he flung his hand that way, and cried, "Sir Cloudsley Shovel! a very gallant man." As we stood before ^aBusby's tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner: "Dr. Busby! a great man: he whipped my grandfather; a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a block-head; a very great man!"

We were immediately conducted into the "little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to everything he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the King of Morocco's head. Among several other figures he was very well pleased to see the statesman ^aCecil upon his knees; and, concluding them all to be great men,

was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery who died by the ^aprick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was a maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, the
5 knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and, after having regarded her finger for some time, "I wonder," says he, "that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his *Chronicle*."

We were then conveyed to the two ^acoronation
10 chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's Pillar, sat himself down in the chair, and, looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter
15 what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland? The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him that he hoped his Honour would pay his forfeit. I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus ^atrepanned; but our
20 guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good humour, and whispered in my ear, that if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-

stopper out of one or t'other of them.
25 Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward the Third's sword, and leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding, that in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward the Third was one of the greatest
30 princes that ever sate upon the English throne.

We were then shown Edward the Confessor's tomb;

upon which Sir Roger acquainted us that he was the first who ^atouched for the evil: and afterwards Henry the Fourth's, upon which he shook his head, and told us there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings ^awithout a head; and upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since, "Some Whig, I'll warrant you," ¹⁰ says Sir Roger; "you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too, if you don't take care."

The glorious names of Henry the Fifth and Queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of ¹⁵ shining, and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, who, as our knight observed with some surprise, had a great many kings in him, whose monuments he had not seen in the Abbey.

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see ²⁰ the knight show such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he con- ²⁵ verses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man; for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk Building, and talk over these ³⁰ matters with him more at leisure.

Sir Roger at the Play.

No. 335.

ADDISON.

^aRespicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo

Doctum imitatore, et veras hinc ducere voces.

—HOR.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind
5 to see the new tragedy with me, assuring me at the same time that he had not been at a play these twenty years. "The last I saw," said Sir Roger, "was ^a*The Committee*, which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a good
10 Church of England comedy. He then proceeded to inquire of me who this ^a*Distressed Mother* was; and, upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that, when he was a schoolboy, he had read his life at the end
15 of the dictionary. My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the ^a*Mohocks* should be abroad. "I assure you," says he, "I thought I had fallen into their hands last night; for I observed two or three
20 lusty black men that followed me half-way up Fleet Street, and mended their pace behind me in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know," continued the knight, with a smile, "I fancied they had a mind to hunt me; for I remember an

honest gentleman in my neighbourhood who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time, for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport, had this been their design; for as I am an old fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before." Sir Roger added that "if these gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it; for I threw them out," says he, "at the end of Norfolk Street, where I doubled the corner, and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However," says the knight, "if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the fore-wheels mended."

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the ^abattle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servants, and, among the rest, my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken ^aplants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When he had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the playhouse, where, after

having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about
5 him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself, at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old
10 man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper centre to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of a ^aPyrrhus, the knight told me that he did not believe the King of France himself had a better strut. I was indeed very attentive to my old
15 friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism, and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for
20 Andromache; and, a little while after, as much for Hermione; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in
25 the ear, that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, "You can't imagine, sir, what it is to have to do with a widow." Upon ^aPyrrhus his threatening afterwards to leave her, the knight shook his head
30 and muttered to himself, "Ay, do if you can." This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination

that, at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered in my ear, "These widows, sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray," says he, "you that are a critic, is this play according to your dramatic rules, as you 5 call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of."

The fourth act very luckily begun before I had 10 time to give the old gentleman an answer. "Well," says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, "I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost." He then renewed his attention, and from time to time fell a-praising the widow. He made indeed a little 15 mistake as to one of her pages, whom, at his first entering he took for Astyanax; but he quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, "who," says he, "must needs be a 20 very fine child by the account that is given of him." Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap, to which Sir Roger added, "On my word, a notable young baggage!" 25

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of these intervals between the acts, to express their opinion of the players and of their respective parts. Sir Roger, 30 hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in

with them, and told them that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man. As they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time. "And let me tell you," says he, 5 "though he speaks but little, I like the ^aold fellow in whiskers as well as any of them." Captain Sentry, seeing two or three wags who sat near us lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should ^asmoke the knight, plucked him by the 10 elbow, and whispered something in his ear that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus his death, and at the conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody piece of work that he 15 was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralise, in his way, upon an evil conscience, adding, that "Orestes in his madness looked as if he saw some- 20 thing."

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the justling of the 25 crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodgings in the same manner that we had brought him to the playhouse; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent 30 piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the good old man.

Will Honeycomb's Love Affairs.

No. 359.

STEELE.

**Torva læna lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam:
Florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella.*

—VIRG.

As we were at the club last night, I observed that my friend Sir Roger, contrary to his usual custom, sat very silent, and, instead of minding what was said by the company, was whistling to himself in a very thoughtful mood, and playing with a cork. I jogged Sir Andrew Freeport, who sat between us; and, as we were both observing him, we saw the knight shake his head, and heard him say to himself, "A foolish woman! I can't believe it." Sir Andrew gave him a gentle pat upon the shoulder, and offered to lay him a bottle of wine that he was thinking of the widow. My old friend started, and recovering out of his brown study, told Sir Andrew that once in his life he had been in the right. In short, after some little hesitation, Sir Roger told us, in the fullness of his heart, that he had just received a letter from his steward, which acquainted him that his old rival and antagonist in the country, Sir David Dundrum, had been making a visit to the widow. "However," says Sir Roger, "I can never think that she'll have a man that's half a year older than I am, and a noted ^aRepublican into the bargain."

Will Honeycomb, who looks upon love as his particular province, interrupting our friend with a jaunty laugh, "I thought, knight," says he, "thou hadst lived long enough in the world not to pin thy happiness
5 upon one that is a woman and a widow. I think that without vanity I may pretend to know as much of the female world as any man in Great Britian; though the chief of my knowledge consists in this, that they are not to be known." Will immediately,
10 with his usual fluency, rambled into an account of his own amours. "I am now," says he, "upon the verge of fifty," (though, by the way, we all knew he was turned of threescore). "You may easily guess," continued Will, "that I have not lived so long in the
15 world without having had some thoughts of settling in it, as the phrase is. To tell you truly, I have several times tried my fortune that way, though I can't much boast of my success.

"I made my first addresses to a young lady in
20 the country; but, when I thought things were pretty well drawing to a conclusion, her father happening to hear that I had formerly boarded with a surgeon, the old ^aput forbid me his house, and within a fortnight after married his daughter to a fox-hunter in the
25 neighbourhood.

"I made my next applications to a widow, and attacked her so briskly that I thought myself within a fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one morning, she told me that she intended to keep her ready
30 money and jointure in her own hand, and desired me

to call upon her attorney in ^aLyon's Inn, who would adjust with me what it was proper for me to add to it. I was so rebuffed by this overture, that I never inquired either for her or her attorney afterwards.

"A few months after, I addressed myself to a 5 young lady who was an only daughter, and of a good family. I danced with her at several balls, squeezed her by the hand, said soft things to her, and, in short, made no doubt of her heart; and though my fortune was not equal to hers, I was in hopes that her fond 10 father would not deny her the man she had fixed her affections upon. But as I went one day to the house, in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole family in confusion, and heard, to my unspeakable surprise, that Miss Jenny was that very 15 morning run away with the butler.

"I then courted a second widow, and am at a loss to this day how I came to miss her, for she had often commended my person and behaviour. Her maid, indeed, told me one day that her mistress had said she 20 never saw a gentleman with such a spindle pair of legs as Mr. Honeycomb.

"After this I laid siege to four heiresses successively, and, being a handsome young dog in those days, quickly made a breach in their hearts; but I 25 don't know how it came to pass, though I seldom failed of getting the daughter's consent, I could never in my life get the old people on my side.

"I could give you an account of a thousand other unsuccessful attempts, particularly of one which I 30

made some years since upon an old woman, whom I had certainly borne away with flying colours, if her relations had not come pouring in to her assistance from all parts of England; nay, I believe I should
5 have got her at last, had not she been carried off by a hard frost."

As Will's transitions are extremely quick, he turned from Sir Roger, and, applying himself to me, told me there was a passage in the ^abook I had con-
10 sidered last Saturday which deserved to be writ in letters of gold; and, taking out a pocket Milton, read the ^afollowing lines, which are part of one of Adam's speeches to Eve after the fall:—

—Oh! why did our
15 Creator wise! that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine?
20 Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? This mischief had not then befallen,
And more that shall befall; innumerable
Disturbances on earth, through female snares,
And strait conjunction with this sex: for either
25 He never shall find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,
Through her perverseness; but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse; or, if she love, withheld
30 By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already linked and wedlock-bound
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame:
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound.

Sir Roger listened to this passage with great attention, and, desiring Mr. Honeycomb to fold down a leaf at the place and lend him his book, the knight put it up in his pocket, and told us that he would read over those verses again before he went to bed.

Sir Roger at Vauxhall.

No. 383.

ADDISON.

**Criminibus debent hortos.*

—JUV.

As I was sitting in my chamber, and thinking on a subject for my next *Spectator*, I heard two or three irregular ^abounces at my landlady's door, and upon
5 the opening of it, a loud cheerful voice inquiring whether the philosopher was at home. The child who went to the door answered very innocently that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good friend Sir Roger's voice; and
10 that I had promised to go with him on the water to ^aSpring Garden, in case it proved a good evening. The knight put me in mind of my promise, from the bottom of the staircase, but told me that if I was speculating he would stay below till I had done.
15 Upon my coming down, I found all the children of the family got about my old friend, and my landlady herself, who is a notable prating gossip, engaged in a conference with him; being mightily pleased with his stroking her little boy upon the head, and bidding
20 him be a good child and mind his book.

We were no sooner come to the ^aTemple Stairs, but we were surrounded with a crowd of watermen, offering us their respective services. Sir Roger, after having looked about him very attentively, spied one

with a wooden leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking towards it, "You must know," says Sir Roger, "I never make use of anybody to row me that has not either lost a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man that has been wounded in the Queen's service. If I was a lord or a bishop, and kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg."

My old friend, after having seated himself, and trimmed the boat with his coachman, who, being a very sober man, always serves for ballast on these occasions, we made the best of our way for Foxhall. Sir Roger obliged the waterman to give us the history of his right leg; and, hearing that he had left it at ^aLa Hogue, with many particulars which passed in that glorious action, the knight, in the triumph of his heart, made several reflections on the greatness of the British nation; as, that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen; that we could never be in danger of popery so long as we took care of our fleet; that the Thames was the noblest river in Europe; that London Bridge was a greater piece of work than any of the seven wonders of the world; with many other honest prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true Englishman.

After some short pause, the old knight turning about his head twice or thrice, to take a survey of this great metropolis, bid me observe how thick the

city was set with churches, and that there was scarce a single steeple on this side ^aTemple Bar. "A most heathenish sight!" says Sir Roger; "there is no religion at this end of the town. The ^afifty new
5 churches will very much amend the prospect; but church work is slow, church work is slow."

I do not remember I have any where mentioned in Sir Roger's character, his custom of saluting every body that passes by him with a good morrow, or
10 a good night. This the old man does out of the overflowings of his humanity; though, at the same time, it renders him so popular among all his country neighbours, that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice ^aknight of the shire.
15 He cannot forbear this exercise of benevolence even in town, when he meets with any one in his morning or evening walk. It broke from him to several boats that passed by us upon the water; but, to the knight's great surprise, as he gave the good night to
20 two or three young fellows a little before our landing, one of them, instead of returning the civility, asked us what queer old put we had in the boat, with a great deal of the like Thames ribaldry. Sir Roger seemed a little shocked at first, but at
25 length, assuming a face of magistracy, told us that 'if he were a Middlesex justice, he would make such vagrants know that her Majesty's subjects were no more to be abused by water than by land.'

We were now arrived at Spring Garden, which is
30 exquisitely pleasant at this time of year. When I

considered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of ^aMahometan paradise. Sir Roger told me it 5 put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales. "You must understand," says the knight, "there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah, 10 Mr. Spectator, the many moonlight nights that I have walked by myself, and thought on the widow by the music of the nightingales!" He here fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when ^aa mask, who came behind him, gave him a gentle 15 tap upon the shoulder and asked him if he would, drink a bottle of mead with her. But the knight, being startled at so unexpected a familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told her 'she was a wanton baggage,' and 20 bid her go about her business.

We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale and a slice of ^ahung beef. When we had done eating ourselves, the knight called a waiter to him, and bid him carry the remainder to the waterman that 25 had but one leg. I perceived the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the knight's commands with a peremptory look.

As we were going out of the garden, my old friend, 30

thinking himself obliged, as a ^amember of the quorum, to animadvert upon the morals of the place, told the mistress of the house, who sat at the bar, that he should be a better customer to her garden, if there were more nightingales and fewer improper persons.

The Death of Sir Roger.

No. 517.

ADDISON.

“Heu pietas! heu prisca fides.

—VIRG.

We last night received a piece of ill news at our club which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, “Sir Roger de Coverley is dead. He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks’ sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger’s enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentry, which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honour of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the knight’s house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my readers a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

“HONOURED SIR,

“Knowing that you was my old master’s good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the
5 whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman and her fatherless children,
10 that had been wronged by a neighbouring gentleman; for you know, sir, my good master was always the poor man’s friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch
15 a sirloin, which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed, we were once in great hopes of his recovery, upon a kind
20 message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life; but this only proved a lightning before death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of
25 silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother. He has bequeathed the fine white gelding that he used to ride a hunting upon to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him; and has left you all his books. He
30 has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very

pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for ^amourning, to every man in the parish, a great frieze-coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown gray-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish that he has left money to build a steeple to the church; for he was heard to say some time ago that if he lived two years longer, Coverley church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells everybody that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverleys, on the left hand of his father Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the quorum. The whole parish followed the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits; the men in frieze, and the women in riding-hoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the Hall-house and the whole estate. When my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desir-

ing him only to make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies and the gifts of charity, which he told him he had left as quit-rents upon the estate. The captain truly seems a courteous man, though he
 5 says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shows great kindness to the old house-dog that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the
 10 day of my master's death. He has ne'er enjoyed himself since; no more has any of us. 'Twas the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This being all from,

“Honoured sir,

15 “Your most sorrowful servant,

“EDWARD BISCUIT.”

“P. S.—My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book, which comes up to you by the carrier, should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport in his
 20 name.”

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir Andrew, opening the
 25 book, found it to be a collection of acts of parliament. There was in particular the ^aAct of Uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points which he had disputed with Sir Roger the

last time he appeared at the club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's handwriting burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me that the knight 5
has left ^arings and mourning for every one in the club.

Will Honeycomb's Marriage.

No. 530.

ADDISON.

*^aSic visum Veneri; cui placet impares
Formas atque animos sub juga aliena
Sævo mittere cum joco.*

—HOR.

It is very usual for those who have been severe
5 upon marriage in some part or other of their lives,
to enter into the fraternity which they have ridiculed,
and to see their raillery return upon their own heads.
I scarce ever knew a woman-hater that did not,
10 sooner, or later, pay for it. Marriage, which is a
blessing to another man, falls upon such a one as a
judgment. Mr. ^aCongreve's *Old Bachelor* is set
forth to us with much wit and humour, as an example
of this kind. In short, those who have most dis-
tinguished themselves by railing at the sex in general,
15 very often make an honourable amends, by choosing
one of the most worthless persons of it for a com-
panion and yoke-fellow. Hymen takes his revenge
in kind on those who turn his mysteries into ridicule.

My friend Will Honeycomb, who was so unmerci-
20 fully witty upon the women in a ^acouple of letters
which I lately communicated to the public, has given
the ladies ample satisfaction by marrying a farmer's
daughter; a piece of news which came to our club by
the last post. The Templar is very positive that he has
25 married a dairy-maid; but Will, in his letter to me on

this occasion, sets the best face upon the matter that he can, and gives a more tolerable account of his spouse. I must confess I suspected something more than ordinary, when, upon opening the letter, I found that Will was fallen off from his former gaiety, having changed "Dear Spec," which was his usual salute at the beginning of the letter, into "My worthy friend," and subscribed himself in the latter end of it at full length, William Honeycomb. In short, the gay, the loud, the vain Will Honeycomb, who had made love to every great fortune that has appeared in town for above thirty years together, and boasted of favours from ladies whom he had never seen, is at length wedded to a plain country girl. 5 10

His letter gives us the picture of a converted rake. The sober character of the husband is dashed with the man of the town, and enlivened with those little cant phrases, which have made my friend Will often thought very pretty company. But let us hear what he says for himself. 15 20

"MY WORTHY FRIEND,

"I question not but you, and the rest of my acquaintance, wonder that I, who have lived in the smoke and gallantries of the town for thirty years together, should all on a sudden grow fond of a country life. Had not my dog of a steward run away, as he did without making up his accounts, I had still been immersed in sin and ^asea-coal. But since my late forced visit to my estate, I am so pleased with it 25

that I am resolved to live and die upon it. I am every day abroad among my acres, and can scarce forbear filling my letter with breezes, shades, flowers, meadows, and purling streams. The simplicity of
5 manners, which I have heard you so often speak of, and which appears here in perfection, charms me wonderfully. As an instance of it I must acquaint you, and by your means the whole club, that I have lately married one of my tenant's daughters. She is
10 born of honest parents; and though she has no portion, she has a great deal of virtue. The natural sweetness and innocence of her behaviour, the freshness of her complexion, the unaffected turn of her shape and person, shot me through and through
15 every time I saw her, and did more execution upon me in grogam, than the greatest beauty in town or court had ever done in brocade. In short, she is such an one as promises me a good heir to my estate; and if by her means I cannot leave to my children
20 what are falsely called the gifts of birth, high titles, and alliances, I hope to convey to them the more real and valuable gifts of birth—strong bodies and healthy constitutions. As for your fine women, I need not tell thee that I know them. I have had my
25 share in their graces; but no more of that. It shall be my business hereafter to live the life of an honest man, and to act as becomes the master of a family. I question not but I shall draw upon me the raillery of the town, and be treated to the tune of ^a*The Marriage-hater Matched*; but I am prepared for it. I
30

have been as witty upon others in my time. To tell thee truly, I saw such a tribe of fashionable young fluttering coxcombs shot up that I did not think my post of an *ahomme de ruelle* any longer tenable. I felt a certain stiffness in my limbs, which entirely destroyed that jauntiness of air I was once master of. Besides, for I may now confess my age to thee, I have been eight-and-forty above these twelve years. Since my retirement into the country will make a vacancy in the club, I could wish you would fill up my place with my friend Tom Dapperwit. He has an infinite deal of fire, and knows the town. For my own part, as I have said before, I shall endeavour to live hereafter suitable to a man in my station, as a prudent head of a family, a good husband, a careful father (when it shall so happen) and as

“Your most sincere friend

“and humble servant,

“WILLIAM HONEYCOMB.”

The Club is Dissolved.

No. 549.

ADDISON.

*^aQuamvis digressu veteris confusus amici,
Laudo tamen.*

—JUV.

I believe most people begin the world with a resolution to withdraw from it into a serious kind of solitude or retirement when they have made themselves easy in it. Our unhappiness is that we find out some excuse or other for deferring such our good resolutions till our intended retreat is cut off by death. But among all kinds of people there are none who are so hard to part with the world as those who are grown old in the heaping up of riches. Their minds are so warped with their constant attention to gain, that it is very difficult for them to give their souls another bent, and convert them towards those objects which, though they are proper for every stage of life, are so more especially for the last. Horace describes an old usurer as so charmed with the pleasures of a country life that in order to make a purchase he called in all his money; but what was the event of it? Why, in a very few days after he put it out again. I am engaged in this series of thought by a discourse which I had last week with my worthy friend Sir Andrew Freeport, a man of so much natural eloquence, good sense, and probity of mind, that I always hear him with a particular

pleasure. As we were sitting together, being the sole remaining members of our club, Sir Andrew gave me an account of the many busy scenes of life in which he had been engaged, and, at the same time, reckoned up to me abundance of those lucky hits, which at another time he would have called pieces of good fortune; but in the temper of mind he was then, he termed them mercies, favours of Providence, and blessings upon an honest industry. "Now," says he, "you must know, my good friend, I am so used to consider myself as creditor and debtor, that I often state my accounts after the same manner with regard to heaven and my own soul. In this case, when I look upon the debtor side, I find such innumerable articles that I want arithmetic to cast them up; but when I look upon the creditor side, I find little more than blank paper. Now, though I am very well satisfied that it is not in my power to balance accounts with my Maker, I am resolved, however, to turn all my future endeavours that way. You must not therefore be surprised, my friend, if you hear that I am betaking myself to a more thoughtful kind of life, and if I meet you no more in this place."

I could not but approve so good a resolution, notwithstanding the loss I shall suffer by it. Sir Andrew has since explained himself to me more at large in the following letter, which is just come to my hands:—

"GOOD MR. SPECTATOR,

"Notwithstanding my friends at the club have 30

always rallied me when I have talked of retiring from business, and repeated to me one of my own sayings, that "a merchant has never enough till he has got a little more," I can now inform you, that there
5 is one in the world who thinks he has enough, and is determined to pass the remainder of his life in the enjoyment of what he has. You know me so well that I need not tell you, I mean by the enjoyment of my possessions the making of them useful to the
10 public. As the greatest part of my estate has been hitherto of an unsteady and volatile nature, either tossed upon seas or fluctuating in funds, it is now fixed and settled in substantial acres and tenements. I have removed it from the uncertainty of stocks,
15 winds, and waves, and disposed of it in a considerable purchase. This will give me great opportunity of being charitable in my way, that is, in setting my poor neighbours to work, and giving them a comfortable subsistence out of their own industry. My
20 gardens, my fish-ponds, my arable and pasture grounds, shall be my several hospitals, or rather workhouses, in which I propose to maintain a great many indigent persons, who are now starving in my neighbourhood. I have got a fine spread of
25 improvable lands, and in my own thoughts am already ploughing up some of them, fencing others, planting woods, and draining marshes. In fine, as I have my share in the surface of this island, I am resolved to make it as beautiful a spot as any in her Majesty's
30 dominions; at least there is not an inch of it which

shall not be cultivated to the best advantage, and do its utmost for its owner. As in my mercantile employment I so disposed of my affairs that, from whatever corner of the compass the wind blew, it was bringing home one or other of my ships, I hope as a husbandman to contrive it so, that not a shower of rain or a glimpse of sunshine shall fall upon my estate without bettering some part of it, and contributing to the products of the season. You know it has been hitherto my opinion of life, that it is thrown away when it is not some way useful to others. But when I am riding out by myself in the fresh air on the open heath that lies by my house, I find several other thoughts growing up in me. I am now of opinion that a man of my age may find business enough on himself, by setting his mind in order, preparing it for another world, and reconciling it to the thoughts of death. I must, therefore, acquaint you, that besides those usual methods of charity, of which I have before spoken, I am at this very instant finding out a convenient place where I may build an almshouse, which I intend to endow very handsomely, for a dozen superannuated husbandmen. It will be a great pleasure to me to say my prayers twice a day with men of my own years, who all of them, as well as myself, may have their thoughts taken up how they shall die, rather than how they shall live. I remember an excellent saying that I learned at school "*Finis coronat opus*. You know best whether it be in Virgil or in Horace; it is my business to apply it. If

your affairs will permit you to take the country air with me sometimes, you shall find an apartment fitted up for you, and shall be every day entertained with beef or mutton of my own feeding, fish out of my own ponds, and fruit out of my own gardens. You shall
 5 have free egress and regress about my house, without having any questions asked you ; and, in a word, such a hearty welcome as you may expect from

“Your most sincere friend

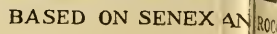
“and humble servant,

“ANDREW FREEPORT.”

10 The club of which I am a member being entirely dispersed, I shall consult my reader next week upon a project relating to the institution of a new one.

SCALE OF HALF MILES

0 $\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ $\frac{1}{2}$





ROCQUE (1720 AND 1741)

NOTES

NOTES

Page 1, lines 1-2. **MOTTO:** Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 143-144.—His purpose is to bring light out of smoke, not smoke from flame, that he may thence display his shining wonders.

P. 1, l. 5. **A black or a fair man.**—That is, a man of black or light hair and complexion.

P. 2, l. 6. **Depending.**—Pending is the more modern form of the participle in the legal sense of “undecided.”

P. 2, l. 15. **Coral.**—A toy, made up of a stick of coral with ring, small bells and sometimes a whistle attached. Compare Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Captain*, III, 5:

“I’ll be thy nurse, and get a *coral* for thee,

And a fine ring of bells.”

P. 2, l. 19. **Nonage.**—Minority or legal infancy: *non* + *age*.

P. 3, l. 14. **Pyramid.**—An allusion to the long and tedious discussion in Addison’s time about the exact dimensions of the pyramids, especially of the Great Pyramid. John Greaves (1605-1652), an Oxford professor, had visited Egypt and had published a volume on the measurements of the pyramids. The intimation in Addison’s words that a man’s education was not complete until he had measured a pyramid is, of course, in ridicule of the pedantic controversy on the subject.

P. 3, ll. 23-24. **A round of politicians at Will’s.**—That is, a company (in a circle) of politicians at Will’s Coffee-house. Coffee-houses were the most popular centers of resort in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries

for hearing the latest news and discussions of political and literary matters. Of numerous coffee-houses in London, Will's, situated on the northwest corner of Russell and Bow streets, Covent Garden, was the most famous because of the presence for long years of the poet John Dryden. Around Dryden gathered the writers and wits of the day as well as an idle crowd curious to see the great man. The proprietor of the house was William Urwin. The modern club is a development of the coffee-house.

Child's (in St. Paul's churchyard), St. James's (St. James street), Grecian (the Strand), were other prominent coffee-houses. The cocoa-tree was a celebrated chocolate-house on St. James street and headquarters for Tories as the St. James was for Whigs.

P. 3, l. 27. **Postman.**—The name of a popular penny journal edited by a Frenchman, M. Fonvive.

P. 4, l. 4. **Theatres both of Drury Lane and the Haymarket.**—The two most prosperous London theatres in Queen Anne's reign, one being called the "Theatre Royal in Drury Lane", the other the "Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket." Drury Lane was built in 1663 and the Haymarket in 1705.

P. 4, l. 5. **The Exchange.**—The Royal Exchange, founded by Sir Thomas Gresham in 1566, burned a hundred years later and afterwards rebuilt, was the daily meeting-place of merchants. A Frenchman, writing in 1708, calls it "the most noble edifice of its kind in the world". See *Spectator* 69.

P. 4, l. 7. **Jonathan's.**—A coffee-house in 'Change Alley, the resort of stock-jobbers.

P. 4, l. 19. **Blots.**—Referring to the game of backgammon, a "blot" being a single exposed piece liable to be taken up.

P. 6, l. 4. **Discoveries.**—Disclosures.

P. 6, l. 14. **Mr. Buckley's in Little Britain.**—Mr. Buckley was the publisher of the *Spectator*. **Little Britain.**—A neighborhood east of Christ's Hospital, off Aldersgate street. The Dukes of Brittany once lived there; hence the name. See "Little Britain" in Irving's Sketch-Book.

P. 7, ll. 1-2. **Motto:** Juvenal, *Satire* VII, 167: Six others and more cry out with one voice.

P. 7, l. 6. **Country-dance.**—A dance like the Virginia reel: partners, arranged opposite in the two facing rows, dance in couples down the lines and back to their original places. Swift suggested the name *Sir Roger de Coverley* (a popular dance-tune) for Addison's knight, according to Steele.

P. 7, l. 13. **Humour.**—This interesting word has here the older meaning of 'peculiarity of disposition'. For the changes of meaning which the word has undergone, see dictionary.

P. 7, ll. 22-23. **Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege.**—Fashionable courtiers and wits in the dissolute reign of Charles II. Etherege was the founder of the brilliant but corrupt Comedy of Manners of which Congreve was the most striking writer.

P. 7, l. 24. **Bully Dawson.**—A swaggering imitator of the manners and morals of the higher social classes.

P. 8, l. 20. **Quorum.**—The number of justices of the peace necessary to constitute "a bench" for trying cases. Formerly those justices noted for their learning were specially designated for the "quorum," but now all justices are "of the quorum".

Quarter-session is the name of a criminal court held quarterly by justices of the peace in English counties.

P. 8, l. 23. **Game Act.**—A law against poaching in which certain restrictions as to the ownership of guns and bows and hunting-grounds were set forth. The rights of the landed class and the preservation of game were the vital

points, no doubt, in Sir Roger's explanation of the passage.

P. 8, l. 25. **Inner Temple.**—One of the four societies of lawyers in London called the Inns of Court, the other three being the Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn.

P. 9, ll. 2-3. **Aristotle and Longinus Littleton or Coke.**—Aristotle (384-322 B. C.) and Longinus (210-273 A. D.), Greek philosophers, were classic authorities in literary criticism, while Littleton (1421-1481) and Coke 1549-1634) were established authorities on English law.

P. 9, l. 11. **Demosthenes and Tully.**—The greatest orator, respectively, of the Greeks and Romans. Tully is Marcus Tullius Cicero. The lawyer whom Steele is here characterizing understood classic philosophy and oratory much better than he did English law. Indeed, during the latter part of the seventeenth and the first half of the eighteenth century classic standards determined the point of view of writers and professional men in general. This is apparent throughout the *Spectator*.

Page 9, ll. 24 and 28. **New Inn * * * * The Rose.**—New Inn was a precinct of Middle Temple noted for its attractive grounds and walks. The Rose was a well-known tavern in Russell street near Drury Lane Theatre, and hence a favorite resort of playgoers. In 1711 plays began at five or six o'clock, two or three hours later than in Shakespeare's time.

The dinner-hour was three or four o'clock. The London beau liked to spend an hour before the play at a coffee-house.

P. 10, l. 23. **Wit.**—Intellectual ability.

P. 11, l. 21. **Disposing.**—Making military appointments according to individual fitness alone.

P. 11, l. 30. **Civil cowardice.**—Civic cowardice, or a weak sense of the duties of citizenship. The older mean-

ing of civil (pertaining to citizenship) is still found in such expressions as "civil suit", "civil service", "civil law", etc.

P. 12, l. 13. **Humourists.**—Odd or eccentric persons. See note to p. 7, l. 13.

P. 12, ll. 20, 23, 26. **Well turned.**—Well shaped or graceful. **Habits.**—Dress, garments. **Mode.**—Manner of dressing, fashion. Fashions of the day were borrowed from the French court.

P. 13, l. 2. **Conversation.**—Association.

P. 13, l. 6. **Duke of Monmouth.**—James Stuart, the pretended Prince of Wales, who invaded England in 1685, was defeated at the battle of Sedgemoor, and shortly afterwards executed. Though of no great ability, the Duke of Monmouth was handsome and of engaging manners. He was son of Charles II and Lucy Walters.

P. 13, ll. 27 and 30. **Exact good breeding.**—Perfect politeness. **Preferments.**—Conspicuous positions of honor or profit.

P. 14, l. 1. **Chamber-counsellor.**—An office-lawyer who simply gives advice.

P. 15, ll. 1, 2. **Motto:** Juvenal, *Satire* XIII, 54.—They used to think it a serious crime, one deserving of death, if a youth did not rise up in the presence of an older person.

P. 15, l. 8. **Wit and sense.**—In the age of Queen Anne keenness of intellect and mere conversational brilliancy were held in the highest esteem. Outwardly polished, urban society was inwardly corrupt, caring more for form than for spirit both in religion and literature. The brilliant comedy of the latter half of the seventeenth century was morally rotten. Steele thought that wit and good morals should go together.

P. 15, l. 21. **Quick admonitions.**—Lively warnings.

P. 16, l. 7. **Lincoln's Inn Fields.**—A large square near

Lincoln's Inn, frequented until 1735 (when it was fenced off) by beggars and other disreputable characters.

P. 16, l. 23. **Equipage**.—Showy equipment, whether in dress, retinue of servants, carriage of state, furniture, etc.

P. 17, l. 6. **Intently**.—Attentively.

P. 17, ll. 10, 17. **Manners**.—Conduct, behavior. **Polite**.—Polished, outwardly refined.

P. 17, l. 24. **Sir Richard Blackmore**.—A dull but highly respected poet of the time whose verses were more virtuous than brilliant. The quotation in the text is from the preface to an epic poem of his called **Prince Arthur**.

P. 18, l. 23. **Mode and gallantry**.—Fashion and politeness.

P. 18, l. 27. **Common**.—That is, usual.

P. 19, l. 4. **Ridiculous as age**.—That is, judging from the present disrespect to age. Disrespect to age is the 'vice' mentioned two lines below. See motto to this paper.

P. 19, l. 24. **Polite**.—See note to p. 17, l. 17.

P. 20, ll. 1, 2. **Motto**: Juvenal, *Satire* XV, 159.—The wild beast spares those marked like itself.

P. 20, l. 5, 15. **Deputed**.—Appointed, chosen. **Prejudice**.—Injury, detriment.

P. 21, l. 1. **Opera and the puppet show**.—The Italian opera, a recent importation upon the English stage, is often ridiculed in the pages of the *Spectator* (See Nos. 5, 13, 14, 18, 22). The fantastic absurdities in language and scenery of these foreign shows provoked Addison and other patriotic Englishmen to caustic criticism. Besides, the utter unreality of such spectacles shocked the common sense of conservative men. For a time, however, they were very fashionable, and hence the offense to some ladies, referred to by Will Honeycomb, caused by Addison's reflections on the opera and puppet show in a number of the *Spectator* the week before.

P. 21, l. 19. **Templar**.—A lawyer who had rooms in the

Temple in London. The Inns of Court, mentioned on page 21, line 30, consisted of the Inner and the Middle Temple, the residence of lawyers or students of law. These buildings stand on the site of the old Temple occupied during the middle ages by the Knights Templars.

P. 21, l. 22. **The wits of King Charles's time.**—Reference to the writers of the *Comedy of Manners* during the reign of Charles II—Congreve, Wycherley, Vanbrugh, and others, whose plays are chiefly concerned with intrigues. The moral purpose of the *Spectator* is shown in its attacks upon the licentiousness of London society.

P. 21, ll. 24, 25. **Horace, Juvenal, Boileau.**—Horace (65-8 B. C.) and Juvenal (first century A. D.) were the greatest Roman satirists; Boileau (1636-1711), a French satirist and critic in the reign of Louis XIV. These three were regarded in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as supreme authorities in literary criticism.

P. 21, l. 30. **Inns of Court.**—See note to p. 21, l. 19.

P. 22, ll. 28, 30. **Order . . . quality.**—Persons of high official or social rank.

P. 23, l. 6. **Depressed.**—Kept down by poverty. Compare this literal use of the word in Johnson's famous lines (*London*, lines 172, 173):

"This mournful truth is every where confessed,
Slow rises worth, by poverty *depressed*".

P. 23, ll. 8-12.—In this sentence Addison well states the general purpose of the *Spectator* as a social critic. Fantastical vices are those which are too absurd or grotesque to be discussed in the pulpit.

P. 24, l. 4. **Roman triumvirate.**—After Julius Cæsar's death, the Roman world was divided among three men, Octavius (later, Augustus Cæsar), Mark Antony, and Lepidus. For an account of their quarrel, see Plutarch's

Life of Mark Antony and Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, IV, 1.

P. 24, l. 16. **Punch.**—The chief performer in the "Punch and Judy" puppet show. Robert Powell, a dwarfish hunchback, kept a famous puppet show in Covent Garden in Addison's time and grew wealthy from extensive patronage. Punch sometimes talked pretty freely; hence Addison's use of the name for any person of extravagant speech. In No. 262 of the *Spectator* Addison again asserts that it is not his aim to attack specific individuals.

P. 25, ll. 1-3. **Motto:** Horace, *Odes I*, XVII, lines 14-17.—Hence for thee will flow to the full from kindly horn a rich abundance of rural honors.

P. 25, l. 10. **Humour.**—Peculiarity of disposition, whim, etc.

P. 25, l. 19. **Family.**—In the sense of household or domestic establishment.

P. 26, l. 5. **Pad.**—An easy-going horse.

P. 26, l. 19. **Is pleasant upon.**—That is, deals jestingly with. Compare the word *pleasantry*.

P. 26, l. 27. **Prudent.**—Politick; having an eye to self-interest.

P. 27, ll. 4-6. **In the nature of a chaplain, etc.**—The country clergy were in Addison's time not held in specially high esteem. Reflections upon their character and learning may be found in much of the prose literature of the day.

P. 27, l. 13. **Humourist.**—A man of eccentric disposition. See note, p. 25, l. 10.

P. 27, l. 24. **Insulted with Latin and Greek.**—Conversations of the day were liberally sprinkled with classical quotations; but country squires were likely to forget their Latin and Greek. Sir Roger did not want a chaplain more learned than himself; at any rate, he must not

'show it'. Sir Roger's amiable chaplain is not unlike Dr. Primrose in Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*.

P. 28, ll. 28, 29. **Bishop of Asaph Dr. South.**—The Bishop of Asaph was probably William Fleetwood (1656-1723). Robert South (1633-1716) had been chaplain at the Court. They were both eloquent preachers.

P. 29, ll. 2, 3. **Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Calamy.**—Famous divines of the day. Tillotson was Archbishop of Canterbury; Saunderson was Bishop of Lincoln; Isaac Barrow was a notable mathematician as well as theologian; Calamy was a Presbyterian.

P. 30, ll. 1-3. **Morro: Phædrus, Epilogue 2.**—The Athenians erected a mighty statute to Aesop, slave though he was, and placed it on an enduring foundation, that all should know how open lies the path to Honour.

P. 30, l. 21. **Beforehand.**—In good pecuniary condition; having a considerable surplus after expenses are paid.

P. 31, l. 5. **Stripped.**—That is, stripped of his livery; dismissed from service.

P. 31, l. 25. **Pleasant on this occasion.**—Jocular on this subject. See note, p. 26, l. 19.

P. 32, l. 7. **So good a husband.**—So economical; so good a manager. Compare the phrase, "to husband one's strength, resources", etc.

P. 32, l. 11. **When a tenement falls.**—A legal expression signifying the termination of the right to occupy a house or lands. In English law a 'fine' is a sum of money paid by the tenant of a knight whenever he makes over his land or house to another. Sir Roger would remit this 'fine' in the case of a good servant, or make the 'stranger', who leases the property, pay it.

P. 32, l. 23. **Visitants.**—Somewhat ceremonial or formal visitors.

P. 33, l. 10. **Undone patrons.**—Masters who had suffered a reverse of fortune or financial loss.

P. 33, l. 19. **Prentice**.—That is, bound him out to learn a trade or business from some one. 'Prentice' is, of course, the colloquial form of 'apprentice'.

P. 34, l. 4. **Took off the dress**.—That is, removed the livery or badge of service from the man who had saved him.

P. 35, l. 1. Morro: Phædrus, *Fables* II, V, 3.—Out of breath to no purpose; busy about many things, and yet accomplishing nothing.

P. 35, l. 4. **Mr. William Wimble**.—The word 'wimble' means 'gimlet'; this has led some editors to suggest that Addison meant to call Will Wimble a bore. Professor Winchester adds: "Quite as possibly he meant that the fellow was always turning about, yet making a very small hole".—(Winchester: *De Coverley Papers*, p. 229).

P. 35, l. 11. **Jack**.—A pickerel.

P. 35, l. 20. **Eton**.—The famous English school on the Thames near Windsor.

P. 36, l. 4. **Younger brother to a baronet**.—The eldest son inherited his father's estate and title; the younger sons being without means and not trained to any business were generally dependent upon their relatives. In *Tatler* No. 256, Steele draws a portrait of a younger son of the nobility: "He was the cadet of a very ancient family; and according to the principles of all the younger brothers of the said family, he had never sullied himself with business; but had chosen rather to starve like a man of honor, than to do anything beneath his quality. He produced several witnesses that he had never employed himself beyond the twisting of a whip, or the making of a pair of nut-crackers, in which he only worked for his diversion, in order to make a present now and then to his friends."

P. 36, l. 13. **May-fly**.—Artificial fly for fishing.

P. 36, l. 15. **Officious**.—Kind; obliging.

P. 36, l. 17. **Correspondence.**—Friendly intercourse or relationship.

P. 36, l. 18. **Tulip-root.**—There was a mania for tulips in England in the seventeenth century which lasted, in a modified form, through the first decade or two of the eighteenth. Tulip-bulbs were imported from Holland, sometimes at fabulous prices, as much as a thousand pounds, it is said, being paid for one particularly fine bulb. They became objects of speculation on the exchange, until finally the Dutch government passed a law limiting the price of a bulb. In Addison's time they were still prized.

P. 37, l. 1. **Character.**—Characterization.

P. 37, l. 8. **Discovered.**—Showed, disclosed.

P. 38, l. 5. **Quail-pipe.**—A pipe for imitating and calling up quail.

P. 39, ll. 6, 8. **Improper.**—Unfit. **Turned.**—Adapted by nature.

P. 39, l. 12. **Twenty-first speculation.**—In *Spectator* No. 21, Addison discusses the overcrowding of the three learned professions, law, medicine, and divinity.

P. 40, l. 1. **Motto:** Horace, *Satires*, II, II, 3.—Wise, but not according to rule.

P. 40, ll. 23, 24. **Jetting.**—Jutting, or projecting. **Habit.**—Costume or dress.

P. 40, l. 25. **Yeomen of the guard.**—The attendants or bodyguard of the king on state occasions, one hundred men who wore the kind of dress mentioned in the preceding lines. They were the "beefeaters" whose uniform is still worn by the guards in the grounds of the Tower of London.

P. 41, l. 8. **Tilt-yard.**—Tournament-ground formerly in St. James Park.

P. 41, l. 13. **Within the target.**—That is, within the shield.

P. 41, l. 23. **Coffee-house.**—Jenny Mann's Coffee-house.

P. 42, l. 2. **The new fashioned petticoat.**—Bell-shaped, widening from the waist, hooped. The drum-shaped petticoat, or 'wheel farthingale', seems to have been worn by Sir Roger's grandmother.

P. 42, l. 11. **White-pot.**—Made of milk, eggs, sugar, bread, or rice. Resembling rice or bread pudding.

P. 42, l. 27. **Slashes.**—Slits cut in the cloth in order to show a differently colored kind of goods beneath.

P. 42, l. 31. **Sonneteer.**—A writer of sonnets or short love poems, light, airy, and graceful; a typical Cavalier.

P. 43, ll. 14, 15. **A citizen of our name.**—A member of the trading or business class as opposed to the landed gentry. Sir Roger's family did not like to acknowledge kinship or obligation to a tradesman of the same name; but financial need had caused them to 'wink at' some irregularities.

P. 43, l. 28. **Gentleman.**—A man of gentle birth, belonging to the landed aristocracy.

P. 44, l. 1. **Knight of this shire.**—Representative in Parliament from that shire.

P. 44, l. 13. **Husbandman.**—Good manager or economist.

P. 44, l. 25. **Battle of Worcester.**—September 3, 1651, between the "Roundheads" under Cromwell, the victors, and the Royalists, the army of Charles I.

P. 45, l. 1. **MOTTO:** Virgil, *Aeneid*, II, 755.—Horror on all sides seizes the mind; the very silence terrifies.

P. 46, l. 20. **Association of Ideas.**—The reference is to Book II, Chapter 33, Section 10, of **Essay on Human Understanding** by John Locke, the English philosopher who lived between 1632 and 1704.

P. 47, l. 15. **By that means.**—For that reason.

P. 48, ll. 24, 25. **He tells us, etc.**—That is, Lucretius,

Roman poet and philosopher, of the first century B. C., in his *De Rerum Natura*, Book IV.

P. 49, ll. 3, 4, ff. **Josephus.**—The Jewish historian (37-95 A. D.) The passage is quoted from Josephus' *Antiquities of the Jews*, Book XVII, Chapter 13.

P. 49, l. 26. **Impertinent.**—Irrelevant, inapplicable.

P. 51, l. 1. **MOTTO:** Pythagoras, *Fragments.*—First honour the immortal gods, as the law commands.

P. 51, l. 16. **Puts both the sexes upon appearing, etc.**—That is, stimulates or incites them to look and talk their best.

P. 51, l. 20. **'Change.**—Short form of 'Exchange'; place of business, especially for the buying and selling of stocks, etc.

P. 52, l. 20. **Particularities.**—Eccentricities, peculiarities. Note the loose grammar in the use of pronouns in lines 19 and 27.

P. 53, l. 8. **Not polite enough.**—Not sufficiently refined.

P. 53, l. 28. **The clerk's place.**—The clerk leads the responses in the church service.

P. 54, l. 11. **Tithe-stealers.**—Those who do not pay their tithes or church dues.

P. 54, l. 24. **Very hardly.**—With difficulty, scarcely.

P. 55, l. 1. **MOTTO:** Virgil, *Aeneid*, IV, 4.—Her looks are fixed deep in his heart.

P. 56, l. 29. **Assizes.**—Sessions of court in English countries for trying civil or criminal cases.

P. 57, l. 1. **Event.**—Result, issue.

P. 57, l. 9. **With a murrain to her.**—Plague take her!

P. 58, l. 15. **Rallied me.**—Dealt jestingly with; bantered.

P. 59, l. 13. **Discovered.**—See p. 37, l. 8.

P. 60, l. 8. **Sphinx.**—Fabulous monster, having a woman's head and a lion's body, who destroyed those unable to answer her riddle. Oedipus answered her riddle and so conquered her and saved his countrymen.

For the 'riddle' and other details, see Classical Dictionary. 'Posing is short for 'opposing', that is, answering her. The more exact meaning of the word, however, is to silence by asking a puzzling question, such as the Sphinx, rather than her opponent, was accustomed to ask.

P. 60, l. 9. **And that there were, etc.**—And if there were any such thing as talking to her.

P. 60, l. 16. **Tucker.**—A narrow piece of lace or muslin folded across the neck or bosom above the dress.

P. 60, l. 22. **Tansy.**—A seventeenth and eighteenth century dish made of eggs, sugar, rose water, cream, and butter, and flavored with tansy.

P. 61, ll. 6-8 **That of Martial, etc.**—That epigram of Martial, Latin poet of about 100 A. D., Bk. I, 69. **Dum tacet, hanc loquitur:** Even when silent he is speaking of her.

P. 62, l. 1. **Motto:** Horace, *Epistles*, I, XVIII, 24.—The shame of poverty and the dread of it.

P. 62, l. 22. **Dipped.**—Mortgaged. **Eating out with usury.**—Wasting away from payment of interest.

P. 62, l. 24. **His proud stomach.**—His proud nature or spirit.

P. 63, l. 20. **Personate.**—To keep up appearances, to act the part of unembarrassed ownership.

P. 64, l. 1. **Laertes has fifteen hundred pounds.**—Laertes and Irus are classical names used for imaginary land-owners. In Greek legend Laertes was the father of Ulysses (Homer's *Odyssey*) and Irus was a beggar. Laertes has to pay one-fifth of his income of fifteen hundred pounds as interest on his mortgage of six thousand, or three hundred pounds a year.

P. 65, ll. 1, 3. **Stockjobbing.**—Speculating in stocks. **Riot.**—Reckless living.

P. 65, ll. 13-17 ff. **Mr. Cowley, etc.**—Abraham Cowley

(1618-1667), widely read and oft-quoted English poet in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He is known to-day mainly through his prose essays.

The 'elegant author' who published his works is Thomas Sprat, Bishop of Rochester. Sprat edited Cowley's poems and wrote a biography of him in 1680.

'Great Vulgar' (line 22) is a reference to Cowley's paraphrase of Horace's famous ode (Bk. III, I), *Ōdi Profanum Vulgus*:

"Hence, ye profane, I hate ye all,
Both the great vulgar and the small."

The last sentence in this paragraph is an example of Steele's careless English.

P. 65, l. 29. **Point to himself.**—That is, appoint for himself, or point out (designate) for himself.

P. 66, ll. 10, 11. **Mechanic being.**—Machine-like way of living.

P. 66, l. 24. **If e'er ambition, etc.**—Verses taken from Cowley's essay on *Greatness*.

P. 67, l. 1. **Morro:** Juvenal, *Satires*, X, 356.—That a sound mind may be in a sound body.

P. 68, l. 6. **Humours.**—Fluids. According to ancient physicians there were four cardinal or principal *humours* or fluids in the body, the blood, choler, bile, phlegm. Health, physical and mental, depended upon a proper combination of these humours in the individual. This old notion influenced popular speech long after it was scientifically rejected.

P. 68, l. 14. **Those spirits.**—What we call 'animal spirits'.

P. 68, ll. 18, 19. **Spleen.**—Supposed seat of melancholy, or ill-humour. **Vapours.**—Depression of spirits, the blues.

P. 70, l. 25. **Doctor Sydenham.**—Dr. Thomas Sydenham (1624-1689), a famous English physician.

P. 70, l. 29. **Medicina Gymnastica.**—A book on the *Power of Exercise* by Francis Fuller, published in 1704.

P. 71, l. 10. **Latin treatise of exercise.**—*Artis Gymnasticæ apud Antiquos*, by Hieronymus Mercurialis, Venice, 1569.

P. 72. This paper (No. 116) was written by Eustace Budgell, a kinsman of Addison as well as a literary and political associate of his. He was clerk to Addison during the latter's Secretaryship in Ireland. After holding several important positions, Budgell gave himself wholly to literature, contributing from time to time a paper to the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*. Despondent at the loss of large sums of money through speculation, accused of forgery, and pursued by enemies, this gifted man drowned himself in the Thames in 1736.

P. 72, ll. 1, 2. **Morro:** Virgil, *Georgics*, III, 43.—Cithaeron calls with noisy clamour, and the dogs of Tygetus loudly bay. (Cithaeron and Tygetus are mountains in Greece).

P. 72, l. 10. **Bastile.**—The famous old prison in Paris which was destroyed in 1789, at the beginning of the French Revolution.

P. 73, ll. 16, 17. **Stone-horse that unhappily staked itself.**—Stallion that impaled itself in trying to jump the fence.

P. 73, ll. 20, 21. **Beagle.**—A small hound. **Stop-hounds.**—Those trained to stop promptly at the huntsman's signal.

P. 73, l. 25. **Consort.**—Harmony of sounds; concert.

P. 74, ll. 6, 7. **My hounds are bred, etc.**—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, IV, I, line 124 ff. **Flew'd.**—Deepmouthed with long chaps or upper lips. **Sanded.**—Of a sandy color.

P. 74, l. 9. **Dew-lapped.**—With skin hanging down beneath the throat.

P. 74, l. 15. See p. 26, l. 5.

P. 77, l. 10. **Pascal.**—French philosopher and mathematician of the seventeenth century. As the following lines in the text indicate, Pascal's life was spent in physical pain.

P. 78, ll. 15-24. These lines are from Dryden's *Epistle to his Kinsman, J. Dryden, Esq., of Chesterton*. John Dryden (1631-1700) was the chief English poet of the seventeenth century after Milton's death. He was, besides, a great critic and a prolific dramatist.

P. 79, l. 1. **Motto:** Virgil, *Eclogues*, VIII, 108.—They shaped for themselves visions.

P. 79, l. 3. **Neuter.**—Neutral.

P. 79, ll. 11, 12 ff. **Relations that are made.**—Stories about witches. The belief in witches still existed in the eighteenth century among the masses of the people; indeed, it was not confined to the uneducated, for Dr. Samuel Johnson was not even as skeptical on the subject as Addison. In 1716 a Mrs. Hicks and her little daughter were executed at Huntingdon as witches, while the law making witchcraft a capital crime was not repealed until 1736.

P. 80, l. 16. **Otway.**—Thomas Otway (1651-1685), writer of tragedies. His *Venice Preserved* and *The Orphan* are among the few really strong poetic plays of the Restoration period. The lines quoted in the text are from *The Orphan*, II, 1.

P. 80, l. 26. **Weeds.**—Garments.

P. 81, l. 5. **Carried her several hundred miles.**—Allusion to the superstition that witches rode on broomsticks. Witches were supposed to be tortured inwardly with pins (lines 10-12).

P. 82, l. 21. **Trying experiments with her.**—If the

accused floated she was held to be bewitched; if she sank, she was innocent.

P. 82, l. 26. **Bound her over to appear, etc.**—That is, would have cited her to appear for trial before the county court.

P. 83, l. 2. **Dote.**—To grow weak-minded from age.

P. 84, l. 1. **Morro:** Virgil, *Aeneid*, IV, 72.—The fatal arrow sticks in his side.

P. 85, l. 22. **Pleasant.**—Amusing.

P. 86, l. 21. **Personated.**—Assumed.

P. 88, l. 14. **This woman.**—The widow, of course.

P. 89, l. 6. **To see them work.**—Comes into the garden to see the bees work in the glass hive, having left her books.

Steele frequently uses a personal pronoun with an antecedent merely implied, not expressed.

P. 90, ll. 1, 2. **Morro:** Virgil, *Eclogues*, I, 20.—The city they call Rome, Melibaeus, I foolishly thought like our small town.

P. 90, l. 12. **Several.**—Various.

P. 90, l. 19. **Complaisance.**—Courtesy.

P. 90, l. 20. **Conversation.**—Social intercourse.

P. 91, l. 3. **Carriage.**—Manner.

P. 91, l. 16. **Conversed in the world.**—That is, never associated with the “modish” or fashionable world. ‘Them’ in line 13 refers to the fashions; the subject of ‘are’ (in the same line) is, of course, ‘town’ thought of individually.

P. 91, l. 20. **To do.**—A-do; fuss.

P. 93, ll. 20, 21. **The Revolution . . . red coats and laced hats.**—The Revolution of 1688 when James II was dethroned and William of Orange made king. The red coats and laced hats (i. e., edged with gold lace) came into fashion about this time, but were not fashionable in 1711 when Addison was writing. Addison gives an exceed-

ingly interesting account of women's head-dress in *Spectator* 98.

P. 93, l. 24. **Upon the western circuit.**—That is, of the eight judicial divisions of England and Wales.

P. 94, l. 1. **Motto:** Publius Syrus, *Fragments*.—An agreeable companion on the road is as good as a coach.

P. 94, l. 21. **Assizes.**—Periodical sessions of court held in an English county by at least one judge from the superior courts.

P. 95, l. 2. **Yeoman.**—A freeholder, in order of rank just below the gentry.

P. 95, l. 3. **Just within the Game Act.**—That is, possessed of an income of forty pounds or more; for according to a law passed in the reign of James I, no person with a smaller income was allowed to shoot game.

P. 95, l. 19. **Till.**—We should now use 'that' in correlation with 'so' in the preceding line.

P. 95, l. 22. **Cast and been cast.**—That is, has won and lost.

P. 98, l. 7. **Aggravation.**—That is, by adding to the features; distortion of the features.

P. 98, l. 8. **Saracen's Head.**—After the Crusades a Saracen's, or Turk's head was frequently painted on sign-boards. Hotels in English towns and villages are often designated by some painted figure hanging over the door; as, for example, the Red Horse Inn at Stratford. This custom arose from the need of distinguishing buildings by some sign easily intelligible to illiterate people. See *Spectator* No. 28.

P. 98, ll. 26, 27. **"Much might be said on both sides".**—Sir Roger's famous decision has become a proverb.

P. 99, ll. 1-4. **Motto:** Horace, *Odes* IV, 33.—Learning helps native talent and right training makes strong the heart; but when character is wanting, natural endowments are brought to shame.

P. 100, l. 15. **Novel.**—The word is not used here in the modern sense, but means a short story or tale. The modern novel, with long complicated plot reflecting contemporary life, began with Richardson's *Pamela* about 1740. Before this, translations of Italian novelle, or romantic tales, were common in England. There had, of course, been long stories of adventure like Defoe's, but none in which character was realistically treated. The character-sketches in the *Spectator* and *Tatler* contributed to the making of the novel.

P. 101, l. 3. **Gazette.**—Official newspaper of the British government in which are announced appointments, court events, etc.

P. 101, l. 12. **According to Mr. Cowley.**—In Cowley's *Essay on the Danger of Procrastination* occurs this sentence: "There is no fooling with life when it is once turned beyond forty".

See note to p. 65, l. 13.

P. 103, l. 10. **Inns of Court.**—See note p. 21, l. 19.

P. 106, ll. 1, 2. **MOTTO:** Virgil, *Aeneid*, VI, 832.—Do not, my sons, accustom yourselves to such great strife nor direct your strength against your country's breast.

P. 106, l. 4. **Malice of parties.**—During the first years of the eighteenth century party feeling ran high. Whig and Tory hurled epithets at each other in public and in private. Most writers of the day show their partisanship, but Addison wisely kept the *Spectator* out of politics, although his Whig preferences are now and then apparent.

P. 106, l. 7. **Roundheads and Cavaliers.**—The Roundheads were the followers of Cromwell during the Civil War which resulted in the beheading of Charles I and the establishment of a Protectorate; the Cavaliers were Royalists. The Roundheads were so called because they wore short hair, while the Cavaliers had flowing locks.

P. 107, l. 4. **Prejudice of the land-tax.**—That is, bring

about an increase of taxes to pay war-debts. The Whigs supported the War of the Spanish Succession in Queen Anne's reign, and the landed class, or Tories (to which Sir Roger belonged) opposed it.

P. 107, l. 27. **Plutarch.**—The Greek writer of the first century A. D., whose *Lives*, or biographies of famous Greeks and Romans, every young person ought to read. The quotation in the text is, in substance, from his treatise *On the Usefulness of Enemies*.

P. 108, l. 7. **That great rule.**—The Golden Rule: Luke VI, 31.

P. 109, l. 10. **Scheme.**—Statement or setting forth of partisan principles.

P. 109, l. 29. **Guelphs and Ghibellines.**—Great political parties in Italy from the twelfth to the fifteenth century which were constantly struggling for the supremacy. The Guelphs were the partisans of the Pope, and the Ghibellines the supporters of the Emperor.

P. 110, l. 1. **The League.**—The great Catholic League of the sixteenth century under the leadership of the Duke of Guise, the purpose of which was to insure a Catholic successor to Henry III of France.

P. 112, l. 1. **Motto:** Virgil, *Aeneid*, X, 108.—Whether he be Trojan or Rutulian, he shall receive no difference of treatment from me.

P. 113, l. 22. **Diodorus Siculus.**—A Greek historian, born in Sicily, who lived in the times of Julius Cæsar and Augustus. Of his voluminous *History of the World* only fragments remain.

P. 114, l. 27. **Cock-match.**—A cock-fight. Cock-fighting was a favorite amusement of country gentlemen.

P. 115, l. 13. **Bait.**—Stop for a meal or for refreshment.

P. 116, l. 23. **Fanatic.**—Equivalent here to Puritan.

P. 118, ll. 1, 2. **Motto:** Virgil, *Aeneid*, VII, 748.—They

always delight to collect fresh booty and to live by plundering.

P. 118, l. 24. **Crosses their hands.**—That is, makes the sign of the cross in the gypsy's hand with the coin as she gives it, possibly against evil influence.

P. 119, l. 19. **Cassandra.**—Daughter of King Priam of Troy. Apollo had endowed her with the gift of prophecy, but afterwards becoming angry with her, he decreed that she should never be believed. Hence, though a true prophetess, she was regarded as a false one.

P. 119, l. 20. **Lines.**—According to believers in palmistry, certain significant lines in the palm of the hand. So in line 29, page 119, the gypsy discovers a widow's face outlined in Sir Roger's hand.

P. 119, l. 30. **Idle baggage.**—Saucy, worthless person.

P. 123, l. 1. **Morro:** Virgil, *Eclogues*, X, 63.—Once more, ye woods, adieu.

P. 124, l. 7. **Cities of London and Westminster.**—In Addison's time London and Westminster were far less compactly built together than now, being popularly thought of as separate, though adjoining cities.

P. 124, l. 24. **Cunning man.**—A fortune-teller; clairvoyant; wonderworker.

P. 124, l. 27. **White Witch.**—That is, a good witch, as opposed to black and gray witches who worked evil spells.

P. 124, l. 31. **Jesuit.**—Jesuits, or members of the Catholic Society of Jesus, were regarded with suspicion by the Whigs as being secretly allied with the Tories for the purpose of restoring the Stuarts to the throne. The justice of the peace mentioned, "not of Sir Roger's party," was of course a Whig.

P. 125, ll. 7, 9. **Discarded Whig . . . out of place.**—That is, a Whig not in favor with his own party, but 'out of place' among such Tories as Sir Roger and the country

gentry. Addison lost his Irish secretaryship in 1710 through the fall of the Whig ministry, and it is possible that the word 'discarded' may be a personal allusion, for Addison was 'out of political place'.

P. 126, l. 14. **Smelling to a lock of hay.**—Smelling of, or at, a handful of hay. 'To' was often used provincially or colloquially for 'at', 'on', etc.

P. 126, l. 21. **Cock and bull.**—Cock and bull stories are wildly improbable tales.

P. 126, l. 28. **Commonwealth's men.**—Whigs or Republicans, supposed to entertain principles somewhat similar to those of the supporters of the Commonwealth in Cromwell's time.

P. 127, ll. 1-3. **Motto: Cicero, *De Oratore*, II, 4.**—That man who does not see what the occasion demands, or who talks too much or makes a display of himself, or who regards not the person he is with, is said to be impertinent.

P. 127, l. 11. **Chamberlain.**—The head servant of an inn.

P. 127, l. 12. **Mrs. Betty Arable.**—We should now say Miss Betty Arable. 'Mrs.' (Mistress) was at one time applied both to married and unmarried women, while 'Miss' was applied to girls, or used in a depreciatory sense. Cf. 'Miss Jenny,' p. 155.

P. 127, l. 16. **Ephraim the Quaker.**—Ephraim was a name often given to Quakers, in allusion, no doubt, to the man mentioned in Psalm LXXVIII, 9, whose children refused to fight.

P. 128, l. 6. **Equipage.**—Humorous reference to the captain's single attendant as if he were an entire retinue.

P. 128, l. 8. **In the seat.**—That is, directly under the seat.

P. 130, l. 4. **Hasped up.**—That is, fastened, or shut up.

P. 130, l. 24. **Right we had of taking place.**—The roads

at that time were often so narrow as to make it difficult for two coaches to pass unless one of them stopped. The coach bound for London had the right of way.

P. 132, l. 1. **Motto:** Virgil, *Eclogues*, VII, 69.—These things I remember, and how that Thyrsis was vanquished in argument.

P. 132, l. 6. **Roman fable.**—The fable of the Belly and the Members. See Livy, Book II, chapter 32; and Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*, I, sc. 1.

P. 132, l. 19. **Carthaginian faith.**—*Punica fides* meant to the Romans supreme treachery.

P. 133, l. 29. **Competition for quarters, etc.**—That is, the soldiers, cavalry and infantry, compete for quarters, while the drivers of carts and coaches contend about the right of way in narrow streets.

P. 135, l. 11. **Impertinently sanguine.**—Unreasonably confident or hopeful.

P. 136, l. 7. **Assurance out and home.**—Insurance on ship and cargo to and from Turkey. **Customs to the Queen.**—Tariff or duty.

P. 136, l. 12. **Throws down . . . and tramples upon no man's corn.**—Before the reign of George III, country gentlemen had the right to ride through wheat fields in hunting and to throw down fences which stood in their way. Grain ready for harvesting was often ruined by the heedless sportsman.

P. 136, l. 22. **Rents.**—Incomes.

P. 137, l. 12. **Smoky.**—Suspicious, quizzical. To 'smoke' a person was to quiz, banter, or make sport of him.

P. 137, l. 13. **Sullied by a trade.**—See note to p. 43, ll. 14, 15.

P. 138, ll. 1, 2. **Motto:** Ovid, *Ars Amoris*, I, 241.—Simplicity most rare in our age.

P. 138, l. 13. **Gray's Inn Walks.**—The grounds about

Gray's Inn, one of the four societies of lawyers in London.

P. 138, l. 16. **Prince Eugene.**—Prince Eugene of Savoy, the Austrian general who was associated with the Duke of Marlborough in the War of the Spanish Succession. Prince Eugene visited London in 1711 to urge the restoration to favor of his friend the Duke of Marlborough, but without avail. He was enthusiastically received in London.

P. 138, l. 24. **Scanderbeg.**—The correct form is Iskander (Alexander) Bey, a famous Albanian chief who lived in the fifteenth century. He fought against the Turks for Albania and for Christianity. George Castriot was his real name.

P. 139, l. 20. **Doctor Barrow.**—Isaac Barrow, a noted preacher of the day.

P. 139, l. 23. **Thirty marks.**—The value of a mark was thirteen shillings and four pence. The 'mark' in England was simply a measure of value, not a coin.

P. 139, l. 27. **Tobacco-stopper.**—A small wooden plug for pressing down the tobacco in a pipe.

P. 140, l. 20. **Hogs-puddings.**—Sausages.

P. 141, l. 11. **Late Act of Parliament.**—An act passed in 1710 called the 'Act to Repress Occasional Conformity', really an amendment to the Test Act of 1673. By the Test Act all office-holders were required to take the sacrament at specified times as administered in the Established Church. This was intended to exclude from office Catholics and Dissenters; but, as a matter of fact, Dissenters, in order to get or retain office, occasionally took communion in the Church of England. The new act was intended to repress this 'occasional conformity', and thus to strengthen politically the Established Church.

P. 141, l. 17. **Plum-porridge.**—The Dissenters, like the Puritans, were supposed to be opposed to plum pudding

and other special Christmas dishes, and, indeed to Christmas festivities in general, as suggesting 'popery'.

P. 141, l. 27. **Pope's Procession.**—A procession of Protestants through London on November 17th, the anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's accession, in which was borne an effigy of the Pope. This was carried to a bonfire and burned, as an expression of anti-Catholic sentiment. The procession in 1711, arranged by Whigs, was so offensive that the government suppressed it.

P. 142, l. 9. **Baker's Chronicle.**—*Chronicle of the Kings of England from the time of the Romans' Government unto the Death of King James*, by Sir Richard Baker, 1634.

P. 142, l. 23. **The Supplement.**—A periodical of the day, probably issued later than other papers.

P. 143, l. 1. Morro: Horace, *Epistles*, I, VI, 27.—Still, we must go where Numa and Ancus have gone before.

P. 143, l. 3. **My paper upon Westminster Abbey.**—No. 26 of the *Spectator*, published March 30, 1711. This is one of the most admired of the *Spectator* papers.

P. 143, l. 19. **Widow Trueby's Water.**—One of the numerous compounds or nostrums of the day, usually called 'strong waters', of which alcoholic spirits formed a liberal part, and corresponding to some of our patent medicines. For an interesting collection of notices on the virtues of these 'strong waters', see *The Advertisements of the Spectator*, by Lawrence Lewis, pp. 276-288.

P. 144, l. 11. **Sickness being at Dantzic.**—The great plague at Dantzic, Germany, in 1709, which reduced the population nearly half.

P. 144, l. 22. **Jointure.**—"An estate or property settled on a woman in consideration of marriage, and to be enjoyed by her after her husband's decease."—*Century Dictionary*.

P. 144, l. 25. **Engaged.**—Not, of course, in the usual sense, but as having his affections 'engaged'.

P. 145, l. 15. **Sir Cloudsley Shovel.**—A noted English admiral who was drowned off the Scilly Isles in 1707, when four of his ships went down. The monument in the Abbey is justly criticised by Addison (*Spectator*, 26) as being in bad taste.

P. 145, l. 18. **Busby's tomb.**—Dr. Richard Busby, headmaster of Westminster School from 1640 to 1695, was a famous teacher and a forceful wielder of the rod.

P. 145, l. 23. **Little chapel on the right hand.**—The chapel of St. Edmund.

P. 145, l. 29. **Cecil upon his knees.**—William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth, kneeling at the tomb of his wife and daughter.

P. 146, l. 2. **Prick of a needle.**—The figure of Elizabeth Russell used to be pointed out as that of the lady who died from the pricking of a needle. Doubtless the guide glibly repeated this piece of fiction to Sir Roger and Addison.

P. 146, ll. 9, 10. **Coronation chairs.**—These two chairs are in the Chapel of Edward the Confessor. One, in which every English sovereign from Edward the Confessor (1042-1066) has been crowned, has under the seat the famous 'Stone of Scone'. This stone upon which the ancient Scottish kings sat when crowned, was brought from Scotland (Scone Abbey) by Edward I, in 1296. According to the legend, it was the rock on which Jacob pillowed his head at Bethel. The other chair was made in 1689 for Queen Mary, joint sovereign with William III.

P. 146, l. 19. **Trepanned.**—Caught, snared. The more correct spelling is 'trapanned'. The guide demanded a forfeit of Sir Roger for sitting down in the chair.

P. 147, l. 2. **Touched for the evil.**—Scrofula was called 'king's evil' because it was thought curable at the touch of a truly anointed king. Queen Anne was the last

English sovereign who touched for the scrofula. See *Macbeth*, IV, 3.

P. 147, l. 8. **Without a head.**—That is, Henry V, the silver head of whose effigy was stolen in the reign of Henry VIII.

P. 148, ll. 1, 2. **MOTTO:** Horace, *Ars Poetica*, V. 327.—I will bid the learned imitator look at life and manners, and from them shape his words true to life.

P. 148, ll. 7, 8. **The Committee.**—A comedy satirizing the Puritans, by Sir Robert Howard, brother-in-law of the poet Dryden.

P. 148, l. 11. **Distressed Mother.**—This is the 'new tragedy' mentioned in line 5, page 148, a play by Ambrose Phillips in 1712, translated and adapted from the *Andromaque* of Racine, the great French dramatist.

P. 148, l. 17. **Mohocks.**—A gang of rioters who roamed the London streets at night assaulting persons and destroying property. The name is taken from the Mohawks, the tribe of American Indians. Various references are made to these lawless street-bands in the *Spectator* and in other literature of the Queen Anne period. The London streets were poorly lighted and policed. An interesting account of street conditions may be found in Ashton's *Social Life in the Time of Queen Anne*, Chapter 36.

P. 149, l. 23. **Battle of Steenkirk.**—Battle between William III and the French, August 3, 1692, in which the English were defeated. Steenkirk (Steenkerque) is in Belgium.

P. 149, l. 21. **Plants.**—Sticks.

P. 150, l. 12. **Pyrrhus.**—Pyrrhus, son of Achilles, wooed Andromache, widow of Hector and mother of the boy Astyanax. Andromache reluctantly consents to marry Pyrrhus because he promises to make Astyanax king. Finally Astyanax is proclaimed king; Hermione, betrothed

to Pyrrhus, stirs up the Greeks against Pyrrhus, because of her jealousy. Orestes, devoted to Hermione, kills Pyrrhus, after which Hermione slays herself. Orestes himself goes mad. This is the version of the story in Racine's play.

P. 150, l. 28. **Pyrrhus his.**—After a noun ending in *s*, particularly a proper noun, 'his' was often used to indicate the possessive instead of the regular genitive ending of the noun itself. This use of 'his' was more common in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Ben Jonson called one of his plays *Sejanus His Fall*, i. e., Sejanus's Fall. The 's is properly a contraction of the older genitive *es*, and not of 'his' as once explained. (See Addison, *Spectator*, 135).

P. 151, l. 13. **Now to see Hector's ghost.**—The tomb of Hector was to be visited by Andromache in the fourth act.

P. 152, l. 5. **Old fellow in whiskers.**—Phœnix, friend and adviser of Pyrrhus.

P. 152, l. 9. **Smoke.**—Ridicule; chaff.

P. 153, ll. 1, 2. **Motto:** Virgil, *Eclogues*, II, 63.—The savage lioness follows the wolf, the wolf the kid; the frisky kid seeks the flowering clover.

P. 153, l. 24. **Republican.**—See note to p. 126, l. 28.

P. 154, l. 23. **Old put.**—Old clown; rustic.

P. 155, l. 1. **Lyon's Inn.**—One of the smaller societies of lawyers in London.

P. 156, l. 9. **Book I had considered last Saturday.**—That is, *Paradise Lost*. Each Saturday between January 5 and May 3, 1712, Addison wrote a critical essay on Milton's *Paradise Lost*. The paper referred to here is No. 357 of the *Spectator*, April 19, 1712.

P. 156, l. 12. **Following lines.**—*Paradise Lost*, X, 888-908.

P. 158, l. 1. **Motto:** Juvenal, *Satire* I, 75.—To vice they owe their gardens.

P. 158, l. 4. **Bounces.**—Bangs; blows.

P. 158, l. 11. **Spring Garden.**—A pleasure resort near Lambeth on the south or Surrey side of the Thames, better known as Foxhall or Vauxhall, and famous throughout the eighteenth century. Vauxhall is frequently mentioned in the literature of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century as the favorite place of public amusement in London. The gardens were closed in 1859.

P. 158, l. 21. **Temple stairs.**—A boat-landing on the Thames at Temple Gardens.

P. 159, l. 17. **La Hogue.**—On the northwest coast of France, where, in 1692, the combined English and Dutch fleets defeated the French. Browning's *Herve Riel* is a spirited account of this famous sea-fight.

P. 160, l. 2. **Temple Bar.**—A gateway in London formerly dividing 'the city' (the old walled part of London) from Westminster, Fleet Street being on the east side of Temple Bar and the Strand on the west. It was torn down in 1878.

P. 160, l. 4. **Fifty new churches.**—By vote of the House of Commons in 1711 fifty new churches were to be built in London and Westminster, most of them, of course, in the growing suburbs. By 'this side of the Temple Bar' Sir Roger means the Westminster side.

P. 160, ll 14. **Knight of the shire.**—See note to p. 44, l. 1.

P. 160, l. 5. **Mahometan Paradise.**—Paradise, as described in the Koran, abounds in objects pleasing to the senses, including the 'houris', or 'black-eyed' maidens.

P. 161, l. 15. **A mask.**—That is, a woman wearing a mask.

P. 161, l. 23. **Hung beef.**—Dried beef. Burton ale was from Burton-on-Trent in East Staffordshire.

P. 162, l. 1. **Member of the quorum.**—Justice of the peace.

P. 163, l. 1. **Motto:** Virgil, *Aeneid*, VII, 879.—Alas for piety! Alas for old-time faith!

P. 163, l. 6. **Sir Roger de Coverley is dead.**—Eustace Budgell, in the first number of *The Bee*, February 1733, made this statement: "Mr. Addison was so fond of this character (Sir Roger de Coverley) that a little while before he laid down the *Spectator* (foreseeing that some nimble gentleman would catch up his pen the moment he quitted it), he said to an intimate friend, with a certain warmth in his expression which he was not often guilty of, 'I'll kill Sir Roger that nobody else may murder him.'" Addison was preparing to bring the *Spectator* to a close, and so he begins in this paper (No. 517) the gradual removal of the characters.

P. 166, l. 26. **Act of Uniformity.**—Passed in 1662, the chief provision being that all clergymen should give full assent to everything in the *Book of Common Prayer* and use it twice a day. It caused the dividing line between the Dissenters and the Established Church to be clearly drawn. All Tories heartily approved the Act of Uniformity.

P. 167. **Rings and mourning.**—Rings, gloves, hatbands, etc., were often bequeathed to friends to be worn at the funeral.

P. 168, ll. 1-3. **Motto:** Horace, *Odes*, I. XXXIII, 10.—Thus it seemed good to Venus, who delights to send, in grim jest, under the brazen yoke those unequal in mind and fortune.

P. 168, l. 11. **Congreve's Old Bachelor.**—Comedy of William Congreve (1670-1729), first produced in 1693.

P. 168, l. 20. **A couple of letters.**—Found in Nos. 499 and 511.

P. 169, l. 28. **Sea-coal.**—Coal was first brought to London from Newcastle by sea; hence it was for a long time called 'sea-coal'. The names 'pit-coal' and 'earth-

coal' were also used to distinguish the new coal from 'charcoal', the older fuel.

P. 170, l. 4. **Homme de ruelle**.—Society man; ladies' man. 'Ruelle' was the narrow passage by the couch on which the society queen reclined while receiving her adorers. The word then came to mean any fashionable reception. 'Fop's Alley' was the colloquial rendering of 'ruelle' (a little street) in London society.

P. 172, ll. 1, 2. **Motto**: Juvenal, *Satire* III, 1.—Though grieved at the departure of my old friend, I nevertheless commend his purpose of retiring.

P. 175, ll. 27, 28. **Finis coronat opus**.—"The end crowns the work", i. e., shows whether the task was worth while. A common Latin proverb.

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